NATIONAL REVIEW

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July 29, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

On Whittaker Chambers

DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

ARTHUR KOESTLER

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . RICHARD WHALEN
DAVID FRANKE · SIR SHANE LESLIE · FRANK S. MEYER
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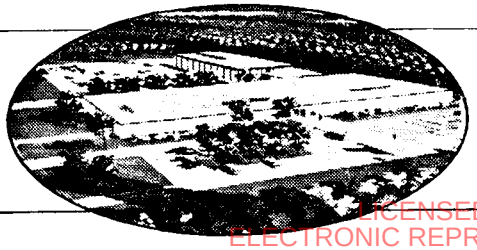

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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Cover Photograph of Whittaker Chambers by Lida Moser

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In This Issue . . .

→ We grieve for Whittaker Chambers. When he died, the press, with here and there an exception, devoted their lavish obituary accounts to the garish details of the trial of Alger Hiss—the pumpkin papers, the suicide attempt, the (garish detail?) rise of Nixon. In some accounts, most notably that of the Associated Press, the old animus was viciously expressive. In that story published throughout the United States, there are personal references that recall the old horrors. But then also this lone reference to his masterpiece, ***Witness:*** "Chambers and Hiss continued their feud in books. Chambers called his *Witness* and published it in 1952. Hiss issued his *In the Court of Public Opinion* in 1957." Well, the vulgarians own the world, and there is no law that says the Associated Press cannot hire one. Maybe it has always been so. When Johann Sebastian Bach died in Germany, the obituary writers recorded the loss of a proficient organ virtuoso and choirmaster.

The force of Chambers is eloquently suggested in the tributes to him by **Duncan Norton-Taylor, Ralph de Toledano,** and **Arthur Koestler.** Mr. Norton-Taylor is the managing editor of *Fortune,* and knew Chambers and his family for years, maintaining his friendship until the end. Ralph de Toledano was also a close friend, and wrote the first book on the Hiss case, ***Seeds of Treason.*** Arthur Koestler, author of *Darkness at Noon,* knew Chambers for years. All of them—all of us—knew the special quality of his friendship. His friends were few, but where else does one go to match the intensity of his compassionate involvement in mankind?

But the best witness is of course himself. And both Mr. Norton-Taylor and Mr. Toledano, sensing this, quote extensively from those incomparable letters that force the recognition of his magic. We publish also, almost in its entirety, the last letter Mr. Chambers sent, several weeks ago, to a devoted friend and admirer, describing the totality of his weariness.

Chambers wrote several years ago, when at first he declined to join the staff of this magazine: "It is idle to talk about preventing the wreck of Western civilization. It is already a wreck from within. That is why we can hope to do little more now than snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flowerpot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else, that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was, and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth."

Such evidence as will suggest the best that human beings are capable of, is in the life and work of Whittaker Chambers. →

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The WEEK

● South Africa, happily forewarned of the proposed visit of Soapy Williams, took thought for its domestic tranquillity and informed the United States Government that it would be impossible, for the nonce, to make Mr. Williams comfortable during his stay. The Government of the United States, mistaking South African indifference for Communist intransigence, immediately invoked the Kennedy Doctrine and retreated. Now, suppose the U.S. Chamber of Commerce took the position that Soapy wasn't welcome here . . .?

● Mr. Edward R. Murrow, director of the United States Information Service, testified last week before the House Space Committee, which is considering ways and means whereby the Federal Government may take control of the global communication system that will dangle from satellites to be put into orbit next year. All nations, said Mr Murrow, should have free access to the system. We should declare an International Space Communications Year to bolster the supply of qualified personnel. The government should have the use of the system free of charge. We should not use the system for "capricious national advantage." Private business should not "be in a position to bind our government." "It is right that Upper Volta have as much potential use of the system as the United States." And Red China should get equal time: "If the Chinese were prepared to say we could get words and pictures from the satellite to their sets, and they could get words and pictures from the satellite to our sets, I would have no doubt where the advantage would lie at the end of the day." Poor, dear Mr. Murrow, he never was the frontier type: the pace is getting to him. If Red China spreads its slop to our forty million television sets in return for our transmitting to their few thousand sets, there is indeed no doubt where the advantage will lie. Perhaps we should declare an International Edward R. Murrow Year to bolster the objectivity of that gentleman. *Parlez-vous Upper Voltage?*

● From the minority view of Rep. Donald Bruce (R.-Ind.), report of the House Subcommittee on Unemployment and the Impact of Automation, addressed to his statist colleagues: "I respectfully suggest that a free economy offers the best solution to the problems of unemployment. . . . I reject the philosophy that embraces the Federal Government as the provider of all good things. . . . I respectfully suggest that a total realignment of our tax structure to encourage individuals and corporations, that a lessening of federal interference and control in our total economic structure, provide the hope for real economic growth and a strengthening of the fibers of freedom." We unrespectfully concur.

● What has happened to that "missile gap" we heard so much about a couple of years ago? Beginning about now, we are supposed to be going to start several years of terrified trembling under the belief that the Russians have three times, or five times, or ten times as many intercontinental missiles, mounted and ready to go, as we. But the Russians seem to have lost some of their enthusiasm for the Missile Age. Only two operational ICBM installations are known to exist behind the Iron Curtain. And earlier this month the Communists celebrated Aviation Day by flying over Red Square a varied pack of supersonic bombers, fighters, and fighter-bombers. So right away the missile gap is closed for good, and we re-enter the era of the "Manned Aircraft Gap." In Congress and newspaper columns, shouts go up for crash programs to speed development of the super-supersonic B-70s, triple the production of our supersonic B-58s and double SAC's budget. But though it may be that we need more B-58s, an earlier B-70 and more money for SAC, these are not conclusions that can be intelligently based on the antics of a Moscow show staged, as always, under the direction of the propaganda, not the military authorities. It makes no more sense to sound off half-cocked this time than it did after the last Communist Aviation Day, three years ago, when the showmen featured a titillating assortment of unmanned missiles.

● On June 30, in an attempt to bolster the waning prestige of the Administration in its handling of the international problems, Senator J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, delivered a speech to the Senate. On Bastille Day, Senator Goldwater replied from the floor of the Senate with the first general attack on the Administration's foreign policy that has been launched by a member of Congress. Mr. Goldwater declared himself "amazed" and "alarmed" by the Fulbright program of "continued drifting in the wrong direction; of inaction on all major Cold War fronts; of further costly implementation of an outmoded, weak-kneed foreign policy which accomplishes nothing but more and greater losses of freedom's territory to the forces of international Communism." He concluded with a scornful rejection of the Fulbright-Kennedy obsession with our "image" in the mirror of "world opinion." We have no business trying to please a

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"world opinion," he commented, that is willing to "countenance Communism, with its history of violence, slavery and oppression."

● President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan will not soon be forgotten on Capitol Hill. To Congress he said: All right, your country is tired of foreign aid, but since the United States substituted aid for policy in many parts of the world, you are now stuck with a foreign aid program and must continue [or come up with a policy?]. To the President he said: Pakistan is America's only firm friend in the Far East [what happened to Formosa?] and should be treated as a friend. He pointed out that India (which has received umpteen times as much economic and moral support as Pakistan) has by and large opposed U.S. foreign policy in the UN and elsewhere, whereas Pakistan has supported us [not exactly true, *viz.* Red China]. India, he reminded us, while paying pious homage to the United Nations, has rejected every one of the 20-odd UN resolutions on Kashmir [it's not necessarily bad to reject UN proposals, is it?]. To the press, he said: SEATO is a flop—it proved it was not a viable instrument in the Laos fiasco. If the United States wants to stop Communism in Southeast Asia, it must go it alone. And off he went, leaving Washington all shook up.

● Mr. Gore Vidal, whose political innocence has gone to his head, has left Broadway, where he does allright, to become a Stakhanovite Liberal, and huffs and puffs away at it everywhere the dilettantes gather, *e.g.*, writing guest columns for John Crosby, also an S.L. when his eyes stray from culture, which is too often. There last week Mr. Vidal wrote an entire piece denouncing the House Committee on Un-American Activities—on the basis of "a brilliant case against HUAC . . . made by Frank J. Donner, a constitutional lawyer, in a book called *The Un-Americans.*" The "book" in question is tractarian anti-anti-Communism by a "constitutional lawyer" who (evidently this will be news to Mr. Vidal) has been identified as a member of the Communist Party, has taken the Fifth Amendment before self-same Committee, and whose practice consists substantially in appearing as counsel to pro-Communist witnesses called before the Committee. *Obviously* Frank Donner can make a brilliant case against the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Al Capone could make a brilliant case against the Internal Revenue Service. And anyone, absolutely anyone at all, could make a brilliant case against the qualifications of Gore Vidal to advise his fellow man on matters of public concern.

● The large sprawling document released by the Vatican last week on the seventieth anniversary of Leo XIII's famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum* will be studied and argued over for years to come. It may, in the years to come, be considered central to the social teachings of the Catholic Church; or, like Pius IX's *Syllabus of Errors,* it may become the source of embarrassed explanations. Whatever its final effect, it must strike many as a venture in triviality coming at this particular time in history. The most obtrusive social phenomena of the moment are surely the continuing and demonic successes of the Communists, of which there is scant mention; the extraordinary material well-being that such free economic systems as Japan's, West Germany's, and our own are generating, of which, it would seem, insufficient notice is taken; and the dehumanization, under technology-*cum*-statism, of the individual's role in life, to which there are allusions, but without the rhetorical emphasis given to other matters. There are, of course, eloquent passages stressing the spiritual side of man, as one would expect there should be. But it is not unlikely that, in the years ahead, *Mater et Magistra* will suffer from comparison with the American Catholic Bishops' hierarchy of emphases, in their notable annual message of November 1960.

● Nearly 500 conservatives from all areas of the United States and from Canada attended the second *Human Events* Political Action Conference last week in Washington, D.C. They saw visible proof of the conservative renaissance—in the dozens of young, freshman congressmen who attended and spoke at the conference, and in the many young people who attended the sessions. Featured speakers were Senators Barry Goldwater and John Tower. "The time may be near," Senator Tower warned his audience, "when a military occupation of Cuba will be necessary."

● Chester Bowles will have to wait his turn. President Kennedy has restricted his staff to one resignation a week.

● The honored guests invited to attend a luncheon given by Queen Elizabeth II in honor of perhaps-tronaut Yuri Gagarin included Sir John Hunt, member of the Mt. Everest expedition, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Mrs. Johanna Kelley, director of Holloway Prison for Women. So help us!

● Sanford B. Knapp and John McAree, the two instructors fired this spring from Nassau Community College (see "The Mineola Two," May 20), have filed suit against the college for damages resulting from their dismissal. Their case is sponsored by the newly-formed National Committee to Defend Conservative Teachers, with legal counsel supplied by the Association for the Preservation of Freedom of

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Choice. Knapp and McAree charge that the college deprived them of their rights to freedom of speech, press, assembly and association, because of their conservative viewpoints and activities.

● Freshman Congressman Don Bruce's Hoosier conservatism is salted down with a layer of Hoosier wit. After listening, the other day, to the latest crop of rumors about forthcoming shifts in our policy on Communist China, he offered the following proposal, free, to the explorers of the New Frontier. Off the southern coast of Cuba proper is the sizable Isle of Pines. Although mainland Cuba is evidently beyond the capability of our military establishment, our Navy should be able to seize the Isle of Pines. This President Kennedy will order, and on occupation will there install a government of Cuban exiles which we will forthwith recognize. Thereupon, with our sponsorship, the Isle of Pines government will apply for UN admission under a Two Cubas policy.

On Which Beach?

"The Soviet Union has steadfastly resisted the adoption of key measures of international control which alone could afford a reasonable degree of assurance to all states that the parties to a [*test*] *ban treaty are adhering to their obligations."*

So read, at long last (would you not agree?), a forthright paragraph of the July 15 note of the United States to the Soviet Government. An earlier message (June 17) had pointed out that "more than one hundred large seismic events occur annually in the Soviet Union." Since "only a small percentage of this number can be identified as earthquakes," any or all of the remainder may in fact be secret underground tests.

"It must be recognized," continued the note of July 15, *"that the voluntary forbearance of the United States and the United Kingdom to conduct nuclear tests, under such conditions, involves a serious risk to their security."*

Having thus soberly proclaimed the facts and cogently interpreted their meaning, it would seem to the uninitiate that the hour for action had at last and inescapably arrived. But once more, yet once more, Mr. Kennedy and his advisers proved their mastery of the art of avoiding decisions. With a shake of the sleeve and a flip of the wrist, out popped the rabbit:

"We have the honor to request [*Mr. Dag Hammarskjold*] *that an item, 'The urgent need for a treaty to ban nuclear weapons tests under effective international control,' be included in the agenda of the General Assembly of the United Nations'* opening September 19.

Now nobody, but nobody—not even the *Washington Post*—could take seriously this attempt to foist the test issue off on the UN. No one could muster hypocrisy enough to pretend that the rainbow assortment of 99 delegates from Togoland, Yemen, Cambodia, Mali and points East and West, were going to loosen the knot the Big Three had tied at Geneva. Everybody, but everybody, understood that this UN referral was one more expression of the Kennedy syndrome, a palpable and unconvincing evasion.

The audience is restive. Its clamor has not been shut off, but rises. One after another, leading public figures, prodded by expanding millions of their countrymen, demand that the Administration accept the consequences of its own words. The nation's security is endangered by the continuing ban on tests? Then the ban must be ended and the tests must resume. The syllogism is simple enough for the simplest voter to understand.

It is members of Mr. Kennedy's own party that have lately been taking the lead in demanding test resumption. Senator Thomas J. Dodd, who has long been in the forefront, forced the decisive problem of the neutron bomb into the open. Senator Henry M. Jackson, for years a supporter of the test moratorium, has swung around. Senator Stuart Symington is ex-

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A Symposium

"Nevada's gambling casinos grossed $119,000,000"

—Associated Press item

Drew Pearson: It will be denied, but two congressmen (Szucker, D., Me. and LeJerke, R., Ohio) have run into trouble with the Internal Revenue on account of attempted deductions of heavy losses at the dice tables at Las Vegas. The two statesmen entered their losses as "expenses incurred during investigation of ivory as a strategic material," but the tax authorities aren't allowing that one. Szucker, incidentally, was re-elected as a result of waging a strong anti-Bingo campaign in his district.

Chicago Tribune: Although the Administration is shoveling American dollars into foreign rat holes as fast as it can, this is not working rapidly enough to suit our faithful and impoverished Allies. Their latest device for siphoning our money out of the till is to send emissaries to the gambling saloons of Nevada where they trim our American sportsmen down to their socks. Last year the foreigners' take was $119,000,000, at least half of which was "earned" in one roll of the dice by a functionary of the Bank of England who is known in Reno's financial district as Liverpool Larry but who is really Sir Hartley Schellgame, the British bank's baccarat specialist.

Dick Nixon: Well, as I am sure all you splendid Americans know already, the people of Las Vegas are as cordial and friendly a lot of human beings as we found anywhere, when I was carrying the Torch of Freedom over the earth. Pat and I encountered only the kindest sort of hospitality in every clip joint it was our privilege to visit, until we ran out of money and were forced to place Checkers, our cocker spaniel, on Number 8 of the roulette wheel. Fortunately, Number 8 came up and we left town amid universal expressions of good will, not only for Checkers and Pat and me, but for every American with five dollars in his pocket and the spirit of adventure and enterprise in his heart.

Joseph Alsop: For some reason, which escapes even the better informed supporters of the Administration, yesterday's announcement by Mr. Khrushchev that the Soviet Union is now spending at the rate of $800,000,000 a year on its gambling program hardly caused a ripple in Washington. The National Security Council, which met the same afternoon, did not so much as place the matter on its agenda. It seems to be assumed that this country, with its $119,000,000 gambling appropriation for Nevada, with maybe another $200,000,000 in small-time punting throughout the country, can compete successfully with the lavish crash crap program which the USSR has undertaken. During his time at the Treasury, Mr. Anderson, whose interest in this subject was confined to a small bridge game at 25 cents a corner on Saturday evenings, stubbornly refused to look the grim facts in the face. Perhaps his successor will exhibit a better grasp of the problem.

In the meantime, we are clearly being out-dealt and out-false-carded at the most critical time in our nation's history since the Dutch and the Indians cut for Manhattan Island, aces low.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt: I suppose $119,000,000 is a great deal of money, although it is really only about 75 cents for every American, which is less than it costs us to subscribe to the lecture program at the United Nations. I never play for stakes myself, but my husband and Mr. Morgenthau derived much pleasure from parlaying the national debt figure into really startling sums. Perhaps it was wicked of me but I often thought it would have been nice if a crap game or a horse parlor could have been located within easy distance of the Treasury and the White House so that the national leaders of that day could get in some needed practice for their important official duties.

Dr. Paul Dudley White: For cardiac patients who lack bicycles I often prescribe an evening with the galloping dominoes just before retiring. The exercise is fully as stimulating as shoveling snow, involving the use of muscles which are dormant most of the time. And if money is lost, it is usually less than one pays to heart specialists for advising rest and quiet, which can be fatal.

Walter Lippmann: The gambling figures from Nevada, impressive as they must appear to those unfamiliar with such activity, actually reflect the inadequate rate of Growth which threatens our society with permanent stagnation. Surely the nation's economy can sustain more courageous commitments at the roulette tables than this starveling figure, which works out to less than we spend on food or soft consumer's goods. Only a forward-motivated shoot-the-roll policy, supported by the Government with the cooperation of private enterprise, can assure the advance we must have if the country is to keep pace with the demands of the breath-taking sixties.

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pected to make a Senate speech, demanding tests, in the very near future. It becomes undeniable that there is nothing partisan or factional in the issue. The President, in maintaining the ban, is placing himself more and more squarely against the responsible as well as the preponderant opinion of the nation.

The White House spokesmen declare their anxiety that Khrushchev should not "miscalculate" on Berlin by underestimating our national firmness and determination. There is no currently feasible action by this country—not even the broadest mobilization, which can always be a bluff, after all—that could give Khrushchev this message with a fraction of the clarity of a couple of explosions in Nevada.

Red Tapeworm

The House Ways and Means Committee has given its approval to a proposal of the Kennedy Administration that dividends and interest be subject to withholding taxes at the source (Kennedy asked for 20 per cent withholding; the Committee knocked the rate down to 16 2/3 per cent). Theoretically the idea is sound: for it may uncover about $800 million of yearly tax revenues that have, in the past, gone unpaid. The tax is owed; it should be paid. Notwithstanding Vivien Kellems' interesting argument that the Constitution protects us against involuntary servitude, the principle seems inextricably established that the government can force private businessmen to compute, collect and remit other people's taxes. And yet . . .

And yet there must be a limit to the amount of paper-shuffling the businesses and the citizens of this country should handle in order to pay their tribute to Washington. We individuals now have, in the course of one year's correspondence with the Internal Revenue gentry, the responsibility to keep extensive records; the need to spend days computing our taxes; the estimate of next year's income and tax; four declarations and payments; the final tax form. To this we are now asked to add: computations of taxes withheld on dividends and interest; declarations, if need be, that our income will be so small that the taxes should not be withheld (which declarations must, presumably, be sent to the Internal Revenue gentry, to all corporations in which we own stock, and to all banks and similar institutions from which we expect to receive interest payments); claims for refunds; periodic amendments.

And the dividend- and interest-paying agents must now add to their office staffs enough people to take care of special computations and payments at each payment date. With some fifteen million stockholders and some sixty or eighty million owners of savings accounts, assuming quarterly payments, and three pieces of paper to describe each piece of tax withheld, the additional amount of paper-shuffling may come up to something like *one billion reports a year* just to cover the new provision of the law. If the government can handle a report for 50 cents, it will just about break even with the incremental revenues.

Washington's gluttonous appetite for red tape has never been more obvious. This measure defeats itself. A tax should be simple to understand, easy to collect, and efficient (productive). To the half-million-word tax law that no one man understands we now add a further provision; even now our taxes are negotiated, not computed; and this new provision will cost almost as much as it will bring in. If there is to be a limit to the amount of nitpicking form-filling the citizens will do, let's set the limit right here and now.

Lest We Forget

Since the Administration and the daily headlines seem to be preoccupied with Berlin, not to speak of aid to education, appointment of new judges, and Freedom Riders, we think it good citizenship to send up the following check-list memorandum to our foreign policy-makers.

Cuba. Fidel Castro is still boss in Cuba. His victory at the Bay of Pigs has strengthened his grip on the country. His relations with the Communist bloc are closer than ever. Large quantities of Communist arms, technicians and political agents continue to flow in. Under Che Guevara and his Soviet mentors, the communization of the economy proceeds rapidly. A combination of demagogy and terror clamps the political vise ever tighter. Castro agents, working with international Communist operatives, are busy with subversion in many Latin American nations and in the Iberian peninsula. Meanwhile, U.S. purchases of Cuban products are bolstering Castro's credits for arms and machinery purchases, and U.S. exports of food and medicines are helping sustain whatever is the popular base of his regime.

Laos. The Communist Pathet Lao, supplied, trained and fleshed out from North Vietnam, mainland China and Russia, retains and improves its commanding strategic position. Corroded by Washington's attitude of non-resistance, the weary parleys in the 14-nation Geneva conference, and the Communist-favoring acts of the India-Poland-Canada disarmament (cease-fire) commission, the pro-Western Laotians become demoralized. All of Southeast Asia realizes the American plan for a "coalition government" is merely a cover-up for surrender of Laos by stages. Burma, Cambodia and Thailand begin to wonder whether the time has come to prepare to leave the foundering Western ship.

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Congo. The United Nations keeps its strongest contingents deployed in Katanga, where public order is undisturbed, as a club over Moise Tshombe's head. Every few days, the UN troops arrest one of Tshombe's anti-Communist advisers and forcibly expel him from the country. The UN command, which stood passively aside while Tshombe was kidnapped, furnishes elaborate protection and safe conduct to the pro-Soviet and Communist associates of Antoine Gizenga, successor to Patrice Lumumba. The UN political chiefs push the Congolese toward a United Front in a new "coalition regime" combining the vacillating Kasavubu in Léopoldville and the Communist-linked Gizenga outfit in Oriental Province. For this attempted subversion of the pro-Western Tshombe regime and this gradual levering of a "united Congo" into an anti-Western equilibrium, the U.S. Treasury pays the bills by the tens of millions.

Angola. . . . Well, just look under "Unfinished Business," and you'll find it all in the files.

The Russian Ambassador at a Cocktail Party

'Americans Won't Fight for Berlin'

—*New York Herald Tribune* headline, July 16

Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov
The Soviet Embassy, Washington, D.C.

Last Saturday you told some fellow diplomats at a Washington cocktail party that Americans will not fight for Berlin. Well, it isn't true. How do we know it? Because we are Americans, and only Americans can know truly how wrong you are. It is hard, after all, for you to understand the feelings of a free people. But take it from us you are wrong, and then deduce, for yourself, the consequences of being wrong.

It is not a distinctive American heroism that we are laying claim to. Probably we are no more heroic, nor less, than this people, or that. Moreover, we have more to lose than many people who might see in war an escape, a temporary deliverance from the fatigue of life that comes from fighting fighting fighting for food, or for freedom, or for self-respect. We have food and freedom—and faith. Nor do we want war as a means of exporting our well-being—and yet we know there are others who would go to war to export, and share, their misery. We would not die for Berlin *merely* to save Berliners—that would be un-American, as the saying goes. But we are all agreed, right across the political spectrum, that Berlin's freedom is inexorably tied to our own freedom, that a single axis connects the two and that if you disturb it at one end, you must disturb the other end. That, and let us be very plainspoken here, is a basic strategic intuition, and the assumption underlying our country's foreign and military policies.

We are saying something much less grand than that freedom is universal, or indivisible, or whatever. To maintain our peace we have been known in the past to stand by while others lost their freedom, and conceivably we will do it again. But Berlin is different. You Communists certainly know that. To the extent Berlin is coveted by you, it is coveted also by us. For you it is a bone in your throat, for the West it is a regenerating fountain whence flows hope for millions. For you Berlin is a bourgeois enclave which must be wiped out. But for us it is the critical salient we cannot surrender. For you it is a mirror, which throws incandescent rays east and west, opposing, against the potency and spirit and well-being of life under freedom, the hideousness of life under Communism.

And then, apart from all of that, the laws of nations uphold our right to stay in Berlin. And, finally, we have pledged, through Presidents Democratic and Republican, that we will not let the people of Berlin down.

Examine, then, your assumption. A lot hangs on that re-examination including, quite conceivably, your life and ours. Yours truly,

The Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW

Business: Not As Usual

The Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers to the contrary notwithstanding, the truth remains that business has continued to operate and expand for thirty years despite the hostility of Roosevelt, the meddlings of Truman, the indifference of Eisenhower. Operate and expand, yes (that old myth of business as usual)—but at a rate that the resurgence of western Europe and Japan has shown to be unsatisfactory, despite the vigor and versatility that American business has devoted to the task of walking in hobbles.

That myth is now shaky. The Kennedy Administration has turned the coldest gaze on American business it has seen since George III's. Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges tried to capture the Business Advisory Council. The Council, made up of such eminent men as Roger Blough (chairman of U.S. Steel) and Fred Kappel (president of American Telephone & Telegraph), refused to be had. It severed a 33-year semi-official connection with the Commerce Department and set itself up, as the Business Council, to offer its advice to any federal agency that makes the request. But there is more.

The Administration has taken up the banner of

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racial integration and beaten business with it—but not labor, which discriminates blatantly against Negroes in some unions. Anti-trust action has been taken or threatened against a wide front: the electrical industry has felt the point of a spear that Justice will never aim at Jimmy Hoffa. Industry is to be prosecuted for pricing too high (drugs) or all the same (electrical) or too low (General Motors diesels). The stockholders of du Pont have to take losses because Justice decides that the GM stock bought two generations ago constitutes a *potential* (no one has ever said actual) abuse of economic power. Business is to be burdened with an indescribable load of paperwork to compute, collect, and remit taxes withheld on dividend and interest payments. Expense accounts, which have admittedly been abused, are to be abusively restricted. Tax laws, anti-trust laws, and anti-discrimination laws are held as clubs to be used if business doesn't serve the wishes of the Administration. Men hostile to business have received important appointments: Lee Loevinger (head of Justice's Anti-Trust Division), Paul Rand Dixon (chairman of Federal Trade Commission), Joseph Swidler (to be chairman of Federal Power Commission). The Administration would tax the retained earnings of foreign subsidiaries.

All of this would make sense if the Administration took the position that business is, by definition, bad, and should be thwarted. But this is the Administration that ties all of its future spending programs to the assumption that ever more taxes can be taken from a business community that will not only grow but sprout wings and hatch golden eggs. Herein lies the fundamental self-contradiction of the Kennedy Administration's attitude toward business—a contradiction that will raise its head at the first signal that the waves of inflation are receding.

Goodbye, Bowles?

Eenie, meenie, mynie, moe—
Who will be the next to go?
Now that Chester's on the outs.
Everybody's having doubts.
Is it simply "au revoir"?
Will he leave the door ajar?
Will the Joint Chiefs get the gate?
Sauve qui peut! they say, at State.
Whither Rostow? What of Rusk?
(Who thought Jack could be so brusque?)
Does this mean that Lawford's through?
Frank, and Sammy Davis, too?
Golly! Lizzie's forty wacks
Wasn't nuthin', next to Jack's!

W. H. VON DREELE

For the Record

Ambassador Drumright, called to Washington from Taipei for consultations after shift in U.S. policy over Outer Mongolia, will not, it is rumored, return to Formosa. (Could he be replaced by Chester Bowles, he of falling expectations?) . . . Richard Nixon, moving to tighten his grip on GOP machinery in California, will back Sen. Kuchel for re-election despite home state dissatisfaction with Kuchel's performance in Washington. . . . One faction in California, hoping, if it can drum up sufficient money, to run young, active and controversial conservative Rep. John Rousselot against Kuchel in Republican primary. . . . Another active young GOP congressman, Donald Bruce, plugged to oppose Sen. Vance Hartke in next year's Indiana senatorial contest. . . . John Tower, of Texas, whose resounding victory may have fanned these senatorial ambitions, is first senator ever to be named to Republican Policy Committee during his first term.

Former Cuban employees of Sears Roebuck & Co. now touring South and Central America, telling (at expense of S R & Co.) what Communism brought to Cuba. . . . Latin American governments, enthusiastic about visiting propagandists, would like to see State Department dispatch more refugee teams, fewer cultural teams. . . . Communist Workers World (July 14 issue) reported that "several hundred dollars for rifles" were raised at July 10 rally of Afro-American Alliance for Action in New York City to "raise money for guns for the Black Freedom Fighters of Monroe, North Carolina." . . . Watch for "Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberty"—it's latest Communist front and is distributing copies of Justice Black's dissent in Supreme Court McCarran Act decision. . . . Despite Hoffa's boast that Teamsters Union has grown numerically under his leadership, figures the union filed with Labor Department indicate membership is down nearly 150,000 from heyday under Dave Beck.

University of Tennessee setting up 15 $1,000 scholarships a year, to be awarded to non-athletes, the money to come from football game receipts.

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Special Report

Newburgh: Just the Beginning?

DAVID FRANKE

An attractive town of 31,000 on the banks of the Hudson River sixty miles above New York City, Newburgh has invited national attention. For the city officials, led by City Manager Joseph Mitchell, decided the time had come for action when the welfare expenses of the city amounted to almost one-third ($983,000) of its $3 million annual budget, more than the city spent on fire protection, or the police force, or public works. After studying the welfare program the city officials produced a thirteen-point reform plan that is, in today's climate, the equivalent of revolution.

Among the new regulations are provisions that able-bodied men on relief must work on city projects; that no relief payments will be made to people who quit work of their own accord; that no welfare payments will be made to mothers in connection with illegitimate children born after the adoption of the reform.

Newburgh is not trying to cut off help to people who honestly need it; the reforms are aimed at those who use welfare payments as a subsidy to sloth or a reward for promiscuity. Nor is Newburgh, as the NAACP has charged, discriminating against Negroes. The new rules apply to whites and Negroes alike. If more Negroes than whites should be affected, it does not follow that the rules are unjust: only that more Negroes than whites have abused the welfare system.

Newburgh has stirred the nation's interest because its problem is not unique but is shared with hundreds of other northern cities that have played host to Negroes migrating from the South. Many have come in an honest effort to find work and a better life, but many others have come in response to their relatives' and friends' reports about the easy living on welfare payments.

Between 1950 and 1960 the white population of Newburgh declined by 13.6 per cent. The Negro population increased by 151.4 per cent. In 1950 almost two-thirds of the welfare recipients were white. In 1960 more than two-thirds were Negro. During this period the budget for aid to dependent children increased by 258 per cent.

The committee that investigated Newburgh's welfare program found that many of the incoming Negroes had had no promise of employment there. They settled around the waterfront, which has become a center of crime. It is not unusual for 20-year-old girls to have two or three illegitimate children, and premarital pregnancies in the 12-15 age group create administrative and moral problems in the schools. Whiskey and automobiles are purchased with welfare money; sometimes the cash payments to welfare recipients exceed the take-home pay of the welfare worker himself. The waterfront, which used to be the seat of a thriving business district, has virtually closed down. The deterioration in property has cost nearly $1 million in assessed valuation.

"These newcomers," the investigating committee reported, "apparently have no desire to take root and become part of community life. . . . The gradual changes and widening in the philosophy of public welfare has merely changed the behavior of certain elements of the community to take advantage of it, although the behavior is primarily restricted to the new element. In short, the broadening of the base of public welfare has not curtailed social problems—it has increased them. Welfare is now a magnet for those who would migrate."

Local Autonomy

City Manager Mitchell speaks thoughtfully and sincerely of the changes he knew would draw the fire of professional welfarists. He and the members of the City Council are in favor of welfare, he says, "as it pertains to the use of public funds to safeguard the life and security of the indigent, of the destitute, of the dis-

THEY'RE GOING TO PUT US RELIEFERS TO WORK! JUST BECAUSE WE'RE ABLE-BODIED THRU NO FAULT OF OUR OWN!
THEY WON'T LET US HAVE ANY MORE ILLEGITIMATE BABIES! THIS BLOW TO HUMAN DIGNITY IS THE LAST STRAW!
NEWBURGH N.Y.

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abled, of the aged, of the handicapped, and of the socially-maladjusted citizens. We are in favor of it. As public officials, however, it is our sworn duty to uphold the interests of our community as a whole. We must take in perspective all parts of the drama of human affairs being enacted before us, as these parts mold themselves into a community image and result in the total success or failure of our city. Welfare is but one part. We are responsible for that part. We must act on that part. But we cannot consciously treat this element of social affairs as divorced from our total sphere of responsibility. We cannot have 95 per cent of the population supporting 5 per cent to the extent of one-third of all city expenditures."

And it is a question not only of welfare but of local autonomy. The Newburgh case proves that federal aid brings federal control. It shows that federal aid impinges not only on states rights but on the rights of local governments within the states.

This year, for example, Congress passed a law to make aid-to-dependent-children funds available to families in which the father is unemployed. (Such aid was available previously only to families in which the father was unknown, had deserted, or was incapacitated.) But the new federal welfare brought new federal control: such aid funds are *not* to be used for work relief projects.

Pressures Mount

Federal law also requires that the administration of a welfare program be uniform within a state. As a result, New York's Department of Social Welfare fears that Newburgh's reforms may cost the state its $150 million yearly share of federal welfare payments. So a special committee of the State Welfare Department summoned the Newburgh city officials to appear and testify, refused them permission to read their prepared statements or to cross-examine the state's witnesses, and summarily recommended that they be forbidden to put their program into effect.

The state has three avenues of coercion: it can seek an injunction against Newburgh, it can cut off all state and federal relief funds, or it can take a case-by-case legal approach. Apparently this last method has been chosen, for the state has dispatched five investigators from the Welfare Department to Newburgh, where they are now checking the relief records. And there may be more ominous action to come. Joseph O'Connor, regional director for the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, says that the state can simply take over the administration of Newburgh's welfare program without regard for the wishes of the local electorate. And Governor Nelson Rockefeller has warned that he has the authority to remove elected city officials who persist in "illegal" actions.

Under such pressures lesser men than City Manager Mitchell and his four City Councilmen would have capitulated. But they have insisted that they are the elected officials of their city and that they—and not the governor of the state nor the State Welfare Department nor the federal bureaucrats—shall run the city.

Mitchell asks, "Can a city control its own social and economic future, or shall this future be decided by state and Federal Government agencies, by social theorists and pseudo-philosophers?"

As Newburgh awaits, so every community in the nation awaits the answer to that question.

Newburgh's 13 Points

1. All cash payments which can be converted to food, clothing and rent vouchers and the like without basic harm to the intent of the aid shall be issued in voucher form henceforth.

2. All able-bodied adult males on relief of any kind who are capable of working are to be assigned to the Chief of Building Maintenance for work assignment on a forty-hour week.

3. All recipients physically capable of and available for private employment who are offered a job but refuse it, regardless of the type of employment involved, are to be denied relief.

4. All mothers of illegitimate children are to be advised that should they have any more children out of wedlock, they shall be denied relief.

5. All applicants for relief who have left a job voluntarily, i.e., who have not been fired or laid-off, shall be denied relief.

6. The allotment for any one family unit shall not exceed the take-home pay of the lowest paid city employee with a family of comparable size. Also, no relief shall be granted to any family whose income is in excess of the latter figure.

7. All files of all Aid to Dependent Children cases are to be brought to the office of the Corporation Counsel for review monthly. All new cases of any kind will be referred to the Corporation Counsel prior to certification of payment.

8. All applicants for relief who are new to the city must show evidence that their plans in coming to the city involved a concrete offer of employment, similar to that required of foreign immigrants. All such persons shall be limited to two weeks of relief. Those who cannot show evidence shall be limited to one week of relief.

9. Aid to persons except the aged, blind and disabled shall be limited to three months in any one year. (this is a feature similar to the present policies in unemployment benefits).

10. All recipients who are not disabled, blind or otherwise incapacitated, shall report to the Department of Public Welfare monthly for a conference regarding the status of their case.

11. Once the budget for the fiscal year is approved by the Council, it shall not be exceeded by the Welfare Department unless approved by Council by supplemental appropriation.

12. There shall be a monthly expenditure limit on all categories of Welfare aid. This monthly expenditure limit shall be established by the Department of Public Welfare at the time of presenting the budget, and shall take into account seasonal variations.

13. Prior to certifying or continuing any more Aid to Dependent Children cases, a determination shall be made as to the home environment. If the home environment is not satisfactory, the children in that home shall be placed in foster care in lieu of Welfare aid to the family adults.

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The Third World War

The Problem That Isn't There

JAMES BURNHAM

Strictly speaking, there is no "Berlin crisis" or even any "Berlin problem." What we are all up against—Moscow and Washington, Warsaw and London, Pankow and Bonn alike—is not a problem of Berlin, but the problem of a divided Germany, within the still larger problem of eastern Europe. Suppose that Germany were not divided. Would there then be, *could* there be, a special "Berlin problem?" Clearly not, in any international sense. There could still be "the German problem." Undoubtedly, there still *would* be the German problem, since there has been for the past two thousand years. But the supposed problem of Berlin would have evaporated.

Burnham

Because there is no Berlin problem, it follows that there can be no solution of the Berlin problem. There is trouble over Berlin because a) Germany is divided into two parts by a line expressing a fundamental political conflict, and b) Berlin itself (or part of Berlin) is an enclave of one part deep inside the other. So long as these two conditions hold, there is nothing that can be done, by either side, to eliminate the trouble. It can make no substantial difference whether the Western troops within Berlin are reduced to one thousand or increased to one hundred thousand; whether East Germans or Russians or Congolese shuffle the transit papers; whether RIAS shuts down or triples its power. So long as the Western enclave merely exists, it must be an irreduceable surd for its Communist host, an intolerable center of subversive infection.

If Western power were cut off from Berlin, and East Germany's sore thus healed, there would be no more talk about a Berlin problem. The Western nations declare that this solution is inacceptable. But they do not squarely face the sole alternative: the reunification of Germany. The only correct, and therefore the only convincing reply to Khrushchev's drive on Berlin is an all-out campaign for German reunification.

German reunification would cure the Berlin headache, once and for all. It would do so no matter what the political basis of reunification. There are many *interests* opposed to reunification, but no rational and objective arguments.

Why Be Bashful?

Neither the West Germans nor NATO nor Washington (nor, indeed, Moscow) has ever tried to mount a major reunification campaign. Why?

Both Khrushchev and Walter Lippmann have told us that nothing much is said or done about German reunification because no one really wants it. This is true in the sense that all of the governments primarily concerned have reasons to shy away from it. Both Russia and East Germany are afraid that East Germany's Communism would be swallowed up in a united Germany. Warsaw, Prague and Budapest, and Moscow too, are afraid, as they have been for centuries, of the power of a united Germany. London and Paris share some of that fear, and London is worried also about German economic competition. The Catholic Konrad Adenauer and his Christian Democratic government are not enthusiastic about the possible domestic effect of the predominantly Protestant and traditionally socialist population of eastern Germany. Only the United States is in a reasonably disinterested posture, but the government of the United States seems incapable of taking and sustaining the political initiative on any front.

All the powers know that a serious posing of the question of reunification would open a Pandora's box of suspended issues: Germany's eastern boundaries; the Sudeten problem; the implications of a full German nuclear army; the future relation of Germany to NATO and the Common Market. Bureaucratic lethargy lies heavy on both the Communist and the Western governments.

I cannot see what the United States could lose by seizing a very bold and flexible initiative on Germany. It would be certain to pay off in psychological and political results. If bold and creative enough, it might even get somewhere practically.

Lead from Weakness

"Our position in Berlin is indefensible," sigh our appeasers. What is more fundamentally indefensible is the Russian position in East Germany. The millions of escapees, still pouring out at thousands a week, prove the disloyalty of the East German population. The attitude of the farmers is further demonstrated by their refusal to raise food. The East Germans know in detail the contrast between their drabness and the West German "miracle." The sentiment in the ranks of the East German army cannot be very different from the sentiment in the population at large. Finally, there are four times as many West as East Germans.

Our first, and proper, proposal has been reunification by a free, internationally supervised plebiscite. But on the actual method, as on provisions to quiet the fears of Poles, Czechs and Hungarians, I believe that we—and Bonn—should not fear to make almost any practical concessions. How can the West lose, no matter how the cards are dealt in a united Germany? No possible "guarantees" could long save East German Communism, because its only real supports are the Russian army and the *apparat*. As soon as we lift our eyes from Berlin to East Germany, we see that Khrushchev is leading from weakness in the German game. Granted a dynamic policy on our part, he would not dare start serious fighting over Berlin. Once the shooting started, he would never know which way the East Germans would point their guns.

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WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

1901—1961

Il Faut le Supposer Heureux

(The following is from the last letter I received from Whittaker Chambers. —W.F.B.)

Pipe Creek Farm
Westminster, Md.
April 9, 1961

Dear Bill,

. . . Weariness, Bill—you cannot yet know literally what it means. I wish no time would come when you do know, but the balance of experience is against it. One day, long hence, you will know true weariness and will say: "That was it." My own life of late has been full of such realizations: "So that was why he did that"; "So that was why she didn't do that"; about the past acts of people with whom my own age (and hence understanding) has only just caught up. There's a kind of pathos about it—a rather empty kind, I'm afraid; the understanding comes too late to do even the tardy understander much good.

Our kind of weariness. History hit us with a freight train. History has long been doing this to people, monotonously and usually lethally. But we (my general breed) tried, as Strachey noted, to put ourselves together again. Since this meant outwitting dismemberment, as well as resynthesizing a new life-view (grandfather, what big words you use), the sequel might seem rather remarkable, rather more remarkable than what went before. But at a price—weariness. People tend to leave Oedipus, shrieking with the blood running down his cheeks—everybody nicely purged by pity and terror, and so home and to bed. But I was about 23 when I discovered, rather by chance, that Oedipus went on to Colonnus. But each of us, according to his lights, was arrested in time by the same line—the one in which Oedipus, looking out from precarious sanctuary after long flight, sums up: "Because of my great age, and the nobility of my mind, I feel that all will be well." That is the Oedipus largely overlooked. Of course, I can say nothing of the nobility of my mind, or even Koestler's or Camus'; and I realize, too, that Oedipus spoke at a grateful moment of rescue. One cannot pretend to live at that height. And yet, to reach it even at times is something. One must have got rid of great loads of encumbering nonsense and irrelevance to get there; must have learned to travel quite light—one razor, one change, etc. And I suppose the "well" of the quotation is almost wholly a subjective value. And there remains the price—the weariness I mentioned which none of us complains about, but should take good care not to inflict on other people's lives. I did and I'm sorry about it. We're grateful too.

Something quite different which struck me—what seems to have been your desolation by *Man's Fate* [by André Malraux]. But Hemmelrich goes back (supreme tenderness) to close the door left too hastily open on the bodies of his murdered wife and son. Tchen, about to throw himself and bomb under the automobile, believes that Pei (spared to life because Tchen acts alone) will be able to write more meaningfully by reason of Tchen's act. Kyo takes the cyanide with the sense that the concept of man's dignity enjoins control over his own death. Katow, surrendering even that ultimate, divides his cyanide with those less able to bear man's fate; and walks toward the locomotive through a hall of bodies from which comes something like an unutterable sob—the strangled cry. It may also be phrased: "And the Morning Stars sang together for joy." It may also be phrased: *"Il faut supposer Katow heureux,"* as Camus wrote: *"Il faut supposer Sisyphe heureux."* For each age finds its own language for an eternal meaning.

As always,
Whittaker

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Wisdom Is the Most Terrible Ordeal

DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR

We always brought away more than we could take them on our visits to the Maryland farm: the stimulation of his ideas and his insight into history, which always brought an ordinary journalist up short; his mysterious humor, his profound pessimism which, curiously, left a sense of the stature not the meanness of man; we would also drive off with some of Esther's preserves, and plants to put in our garden—we brought away so much of their affection. The conversations didn't just touch on men and the world. We also talked about children and growing up and such matters, calves, lambs, which fascinated Whittaker.

I have a letter from him dated March 1, 1951: "After several days of warm fine weather we had cold and sleet last night, so Willett's Lillian, having carefully watched the weather, decided to lamb. Esther found the shivering lamb early this morning. Willett's Lillian is the grand champion of Maryland. Therefore she would have to have her lamb on the coldest day, and to have the weakest lamb. I have been working over it for an hour or so, filling it with warm milk and Haig & Haig. I've rigged it an incubator on the gas stove. It has got over its drunk and is now warm, sassy and baaing like an Ingersoll watch being wound. It is also doing its best to upset the incubator. Lots of trouble. . . ."

That was before the first coronary thrombosis, on Election night, 1952, that exiled him from the barns and separated him from his lambs, and denied him for a long while his walks along the creek that runs through Pipe Creek Farm. But the world wouldn't even let him alone in bed. Only his wife knows of all the people with their conspirings and cross-purposes and axes to grind who came through the farmhouse door—the door that was forced open by the Hiss case and never could be closed again. He wrote shakily early in March of 1953, lying on his back, "Do you remember saying to me, 'There will never be an end to it, will there?' I am afraid only one. The man simply drops off the piece of wreckage because his fingers get numb, and his will." I could only reply that I thought he still had a pretty fair grip, which as it turned out he did. A fair grip.

What recollections do you have of a friend who is dead? A man in a chair across the room. His chuckle that is more seen than heard, when one of his sudden, secret jokes lights his face and shakes his stomach (which he knows is much too big for a man with a bad heart although this doesn't worry him too much). His voice gently chiding Esther for rushing around the way she does, trying to wait on him and everyone else all at once. His voice becoming somber and sometimes so low as to be almost inaudible, but never lifted in outrage even at the motley legion that attacked him (still attacks him). He never avowed any special quality of forgiveness, but he had an understanding of man that was close to forgiveness. You recollect a stout figure unexpectedly arrayed in a brand new suit trying to appear the sophisticated traveler, when the two of them are off for Europe—and Esther almost speechless with excitement over her first trip abroad. On an earlier occasion, when it was we who were going to Europe, he wrote, "Come back soon. We shall feel your absence as an empty space."

Now the shoe is permanently on the other foot.

There can be the recollection of a mourned friend's words to help fill the empty space. There are his letters over the years. Some of them included fragments, I am sure, of the thoughts he was projecting into a book. He never finished the book—or books, for at one point the project had grown in his mind into two books that would make, with *Witness*, a trilogy. One difficulty was that, although he described the main stream with tremendous clarity, he was so much of a journalist himself that the sudden odd twists of events kept engaging his attention and distracting him. He also felt the book was his last testament, which was a fearful (and foolish) psychological burden to assume. At any rate the project was never completed and I cannot console myself.

As I say, we often talked in the kitchen about children. One day in June, which for children is the month of endings and beginnings, he wrote: "They will always, if they are worth anything at all, head for the stairway down to sea ('Down which the blind are driven'). We, if we are worth anything at all, will always tell them about the roaring of the sea, its drowning depth. It will do little good.

If you re-read *Darkness at Noon* at this late hour you will see how true it is a book of poetry. I re-read it recently. I came to the part where, after his breakdown, Rubashov is permitted a few minutes of air in the prison yard. Beside him trots the Central Asian peasant who has been jailed because, "at the pricking of the children," the peasant and his wife had barricaded themselves in their house and "unmasked themselves as reactionaries." Looking sideways at Rubashov in his sly peasant way, he says: "I do not think they have left much of Your Honor and me." Then, in the snow of the prison yard and under the machine-gun towers, he remembers how it was when the snow melted in the mountains of Asia, and flowed in torrents. Then they drove the sheep into the hills, rivers of them, "so many that Your Honor could not count them all." I cannot go on reading because I can no longer see the words. To think that any man of my time could have written anything so heart-tearingly beautiful, "wonderful, causing tears." This is what makes K so precious to me. This pure creativity which is more than, by taking thought, he could evoke: *O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitre.*

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS
From a letter, December 1959

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But in the end, if they and we live long enough, they will revere us to the degree in which they do not have to absolve us of our pity. For what they need from us is not pity, but wisdom. And it is only after they have grievously earned wisdom themselves that they will understand fully that, while pity is childish, wisdom is the most terrible ordeal that men can suffer or practice. Among the oddments which clutter my mind is one about an old Chinese who sank down, down, down in life until in the world's eyes he was nothing. The final stroke for him was that his daughter went into the Concessions and was Westernized. That was her ordeal. And how well she understood hers and his, and their meaning each to each can be caught in the fact that each letter she wrote him in his poverty until he died began: 'Honored Great Father.' "

I have spoken of pessimism. "Your pessimism may well outsweep my own," he once remarked, I think with some amusement. Exactly what prompted it I do not now remember, but there was a long letter in April 1955. I think we may have gotten into a theological discussion, because he wrote in part: "Every system founders on the unknowable and the tragic. Each leaves us at last, as if we had never troubled to stir, on our knees before that Cross and within the sound of those mortal words, 'My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken me?'—which are, moreover, the irreducible starting point of faith —they, and not: 'God is love.' "

Then he went on: "Not long ago, as I may have told you, I found myself talking with a former member of the Politburo of the German Communist Party. At the end of a long and instantly intimate talk, in which we found ourselves at one about the meaning of most of what was happening to us all, he asked me suddenly: 'Is there no hope?' I said: 'There is no hope.' He said in a low voice: 'I tremble in the night.' I saw that he had not understood me and that, by his nature, he never could understand me. But I thought I must try to explain, if only, as we say, for the record. I said: 'You tremble in the night because you are looking for hope in the wrong place. There are no *political* solutions left. There are only martyrdoms. But martyrdom does not speak primarily to the present. It speaks to the future and to posterity.' He said: 'Then I'm at the end of my Latin [for me school is out].' That is why I wrote to a friend who had listened to the conversation: 'Bobbi, who disdains all dialectic, cannot therefore divine the deepest dialectic of all. Hence he cannot understand that, in that dialectic, hope must always pace despair which always goes a little ahead. And he cannot glimpse the degree to which despair itself is the force that moves hope to equal it in order to outmatch it—or the degree to which, in that process, hope must come to resemble despair.

" 'Bobbi's hope is still a little child, which has learned only to read the news reports of strategies and the statistics of steel production. That is why he said, 'Whittaker has lost hope.' Because he cannot see how Maria (the Maria of *Witness*), a slave in a padded jacket and lapti, staring hopelessly through the barbed wire of Vorkuta, may be more the hope of the world than all the intercontinental ballistic missiles in the stockpile. He cannot discern through her rags that most dog-eared truth: the light shines in darkness.' "

ALPBACH, TYROL
I ALWAYS FELT THAT WHITTAKER WAS THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD PERSON OF OUR TIME. WHEN HE TESTIFIED HE KNOWINGLY COMMITTED MORAL SUICIDE TO ATONE FOR THE GUILT OF OUR GENERATION. I LOVED HIM. I PITIED HIM. THE WITNESS IS GONE, THE TESTIMONY WILL STAND STOP CANT SAY MORE STOP
ARTHUR KOESTLER

Let Only a Few Speak for Him

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Some men are touched by God, and in turn they reach out to others the grace of their intuition. Such a man was Whittaker Chambers. Only the foolish and the mediocre denigrated him. For evil in its own way recognizes and respects the good, however it may hate. Now he is dead, out of the mind's reach, a solitary figure in the history he knew so well and helped to make. Those of us who knew him, who shared his trust or had a sometime view of the life he saw through those laughing, prescient eyes, can reread his letters and weep and know the cold edge of our loss. Why write of him when he has so much better written of himself? Why beat hopelessly at a door that is locked and adamant in its exclusion?

There is a reason. Whittaker Chambers was my friend, my father, my brother—and sometimes my son. But this is my private concern. A public duty resides in those who remain, transitory between eternities, to speak of the dead. We do not honor them, but ourselves. And if we utter our longing and sorrow, it is a prayer to the God who made us and who will judge us at the End Day. We also make our witness before a hostile world. He knew what that hostility would be. Writing to me on Easter Sunday 1956, his fifty-fifth birthday, Whittaker Chambers said: "I hope you have my obit ready. What fun the yappy little dogs will have. I don't even begrudge it them, rest seems so welcome."

Through all the years that I knew him—the terrible time of the trial, the time of pain after the first heart attack, the time when he was forced by ill-health to absent himself from the felicity of the soil he loved so dearly—it was rest he wanted. This was something that his own nature could not give him. The desire for rest was always in conflict with an abounding sense of life. In the beautiful "back farm" to which he withdrew, he could look down a long vista in the summer quiet. He could wake early to hear the clamor of the birds, or step outside his door to feed the wild animals that did not fear his presence. But he surveyed

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far more than the pond and the trees and the far-away mountains. Sitting with friends on the small porch, his speech was rich in literary and historical allusion, all interwoven and all relating to the final conflict in which Christian civilization finds itself. The French Revolution, the marching sailors of Kronstadt, the death of the monarchic principle in England at the hands of Cromwellian mobs—these were all as vividly alive to him as the fighters in Budapest or his life in the Communist underground.

In a very precise way, he always saw himself in the past and in perspective. Writing to me and of me, yet really of himself, he could say: *"A man's special truth is in the end all there is in him. And with that he must be content though life give him no more, though man give him nothing. Must be content, that is, unless it comes upon him that wisdom itself is the ultimate folly, the ultimate presumption. I am myself so much in the sunset that all things cast their shadows eastward from me."*

He knew that he had made his witness, that he had stood before God stripped of pretension, humble yet unashamed. He had seen the Behemoth and never flinched, except for one despairing moment when death had seemed the single answer to a world gone so neurotic that it had forgotten the only pride not offensive to God: the pride of the man who is ready to fight and die for what he knows to be right and true. He was a symbol of that pride, and he had the intellectual courage to set his own worth high. Yet he knew that his witness might have been in vain, much like that of the Christian in the arena who felt the gladiator's sword pierce his flesh and felt the warm, red blood covering his loins.

After Alger Hiss had been convicted, when the yawping press expected exultation, he could write: *"The days that will diminish the echoes of the trial already reveal that I have an all but incurable wound. My good, intuitive friend, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, wrote during the first trials 'When this is over, I believe that you are planning to kill yourself.' In the literal sense, this was not true, but it was so close to my feeling from the beginning that I have never trusted myself to answer her. At the end of that day of turmoil in which I decided to put the Baltimore [espionage] papers in evidence, I thought 'Because of Esther and the children, I cannot pray to God to let me die, but I cannot keep from hoping that He will.' Now this feeling dogs me through these beautiful, unseasonable days and in the hours of the night when I wake. There keep running through my head two epitaphs that Byron saw in an Italian graveyard: 'implora eterna pace,' 'implora eterna quieta.' 'All they ask for is peace,' Byron noted. 'And that they implore.'*

"Add to this the feeling that it was all for nothing, that nothing has been gained except the misery of others, that it was a tale of the end and not of the beginning of something. . . . You cannot save what cannot save itself. These things happened because our sector of the world could not understand what was happening to it. It does not understand yet, nor does it understand this Case."

> *In my heart, I believe that no resistance on principle, where freedom is the principle involved, is ever meaningless, or ever quite hopeless, even though history has fated it to fail. For it speaks, not to the present reality, but to the generations and the future.*
>
> WHITTAKER CHAMBERS
> *National Review*, May 31, 1958

This was the theme that ran through everything he said or wrote. This was the cause of his impatience at many anti-Communists who saw the final conflict solely in terms of counter-espionage, of disclosure, of military maneuvering. The battle was one of faith—and as the Crusades demonstrated, such wars were fought in grime and terror unknown to the tea-party pundits whose vocation was splitting hairs and making self-defeating distinctions. When a lady writer for one of the more rarified "little" magazines went through her exercises on the Case, Whittaker Chambers was at once amused and indignant. He was too charitable to assail her in print, to note her tardy record of recognition, but in the privacy of his correspondence, he cut close to the heart of the matter. *"The Chambers attitude, as he has said, is based on respect of a common power to hold faith, at an intensity and with a force, that the xxxxxx's do not know or admit. Is it nice? Is dirt nice? Is death nice? Above all, is dying nice? And, in the end, we must ask: Is God nice? I doubt it.*

Der Gott der Eisen wachsen liess,
Er wollte keine Knechte.

"And since you refuse to know German, I translate:

The God who made iron grow—
He wanted no slaves.

"The world in which you and I exist and bow our heads before the God who made it, is the world also of the atom bomb and virus. The mystery lies beyond the lady's cerebration—or in yours or mine. But if the neat, efficient, competent brain denies or by-passes the mystery? That is the point whose bended edge divides men into breeds between which mind may be an extenuator or a compromiser, but cannot change or assimilate the breeds. And the breed of Hiss will always be nearer to the breed of Chambers than it can ever be to the breed of xxxxxx. Because the first two contain the power to hold faith; the second admits only to the ability to entertain reason and a reasoned viewpoint."

Whittaker Chambers was always a man of faith, and it was this which kindled the love of millions who know that transcendental hunger. As a very young man he saw what war and starvation had done to a defeated Germany. He saw what depression could do in a confident United States. And having been educated and trained in that citadel of materialism, Columbia College, he thought he discovered the antidote to these poisons in Communism. The tentative and the wishful were not for him, and he gave everything to the solution which fitted his comprehension. He might have been as great and productive a writer as this country had ever known, but he tossed aside his personal ambitions in a cause he believed was just. The polite Communism of the intellectuals who hung their clothes on the hickory limb but

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never went near the water was not for him. He plunged into the real business of Communism—and only the grace of God prevented you and me from doing the same. But it was in his nature to realize that faith is but part of a trinity—that it is also incumbent of hope and love, the hope which is part of the human condition and the *caritas* which Christ at Golgotha gave us. And so, in fear and determination, he broke with Communism.

I began to know Whittaker Chambers in the early days of the Case—when the press with almost homosexual love was fawning over Alger Hiss, but lying in wait to pound Chambers with scatological questions When I face my God, I will be confronted with many sins, but I will be able to say: In the hours of his sorrow, I stood by him and could give him friendship and love. It was a small thing—and repaid a millionfold with the gift of understanding. Of this there will be no more, for it would be obscene to clothe myself in his greatness. It is all there in his letters, in the poems he allowed me to see—but they are for my private comfort. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son—and in my personal grief I can only say that without blaspheming, I know, I really know.

Whittaker Chambers is dead. For him there is rest. For us, there are only the simple words, *ora pro nobis*. In another age and another time, he would have stood by the seats of the mighty and guided their hands. In these times, he guided me through the thicket to the open plain where the light of God shines through—understanding of my weaknesses, but forgiving. And what can I offer in requiem? Let him speak in poems he wrote, imperfect but dear, and never shown to cruel eyes.

The bird sings,
releasing as it flies
the umbel of a flower that swings,
unimplicated, over stones
where the blood already dries
in fluffs of fur;
while expeditious emmets stir,
triggered mystically to feed,
before flies breed
maggots to compete.

And again:

All things work together for good,
as every field
of springing grain
is dunged with filth and death,
and rots the falling rain
which double duty dies,
multiplying yield,
and simulating peace;
which is always for the ear
that cannot hear;
for the eye that is blind,
or set behind;
is always for the ending,
never for the beginning, breath

Is the web where hangs
the suavely packaged fly
that for only meaning has
a little sizzling cry,
whereby,
confides to capable arachnid
the monotony of the agony
of its plea to die
at once; and at the same time not
to die. . . .

Others can rehearse the facts and the events that made up the life of Whittaker Chambers. Others can weep more eloquently than I for a man who knew the fate incumbent in the bone. For myself—for those who love freedom and who have been reached by his greatness—only this is valid: He died a martyr. Let us say our goodbyes. Now we must avenge him.

Death Deceived

Whittaker Chambers died Sunday, but no one knew better than he that his life ended over a decade ago, on the witness stand. He was one of those men whose whole life is summed up and tested, under a cruel glare, in a single public act. He had lived the central experience of our time, and he had the courage to lay bare the heartbreaking emptiness of that experience. He destroyed himself in an agony of rendering up the truth about the modern world's great dreams of social reform and political utopia. His one great act, like Samson's, brought the pillars of an entire temple crashing down on him. Wise still, and witty to the end, with an imp of humor ever alive in him, he had nonetheless lived in a shell these last years. His life had already been poured out for others, in warning and witness.

Chambers bore witness against an age, against his friend, against himself. The cruel deception of Communism robbed the world for years of his eloquence and wisdom. In him, the hidden tragedy of Communism came to the surface—the grinding use of pity to enforce terror, the appeal to the human heart made by the very enemy of humanity. Chambers had lived with this tragedy, himself unbroken as he saw his fondest dreams break around him, watched his friends become weirdly distorted shapes in the nightmare world of dissemblance. He summoned the sheer nerve needed to renounce that dream, to reveal its lying center. He rose up to indict a dream, perfectly aware that those who are fond of dreaming would not hear. He called the wasted years before the bench, the twisted talents of a whole era, the fond pursuit of that giant joke on the human heart, Communism. He turned upon it, knowing its force, knowing that its time of defeat had not yet come, that the tide had not turned. He was not a conqueror, no opportunist deserting a lost cause. He was a witness.

That pointed finger, leveled at his friend, electrified our age and will haunt our history. It revealed, like a stab of lightning, this century's underworld of lost hopes and breeding terrors. And the life that ended in such a moment of truth will never end. Tricked by life, he succeeded in tricking death. Sunday's victory was deceptive; when death called, he had already gone. But while we live, and until the eclipse of the West, this figure stands central and alive, living still his death of demonstration; bearing witness.

—Reprinted from the *Richmond News Leader*, July 12

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Special Report

Starvation Corner

EUGENE LYONS

About two years ago a labor group in India was attempting to unionize the workers employed on a Soviet industrial-aid project. Being fervently anti-Communist, the group was frankly interested in the propaganda potentials of their plan. But to carry it out it needed two pieces of equipment beyond its financial capabilities: a typewriter and a mimeograph machine.

Hopefully these Indians took their problem to certain low-echelon American officials. Surely, they thought, somewhere in the multi-million-dollar programs related to the Cold War a few hundred dollars could be found for them. They thought wrong. They got only sympathy and honest regrets. Regulations and directives ruled out help for such marginal and admittedly "irregular" undertakings, no matter how worthy.

The American journalist who told me the story solved the problem himself by raising the money from unofficial sources. But the episode, and similar ones in other Asian countries he had visited, left him disturbed.

Dedicated individuals and organizations engaged in anti-Communist activities, he reported, were hampered and often paralyzed by rock-bottom poverty. As known and articulate foes of the Kremlin-Peiping gospel, they were denounced as stooges and agents of "American imperialism," but ironically they enjoyed none of the fiscal advantages implied by the smears. Their political effectiveness was pathetically limited by lack of funds—not millions or even thousands but the extra few hundred dollars a month that could make an enormous difference.

The memory of this report, which had receded with time, was revived recently during my own extended tour of the Far East and India. In one city after another I came in contact with local individuals and organized groups "fighting Communism," as the phrase goes. What they all had in common was self-evident and distressing financial anemia.

In both Hong Kong and Saigon, for instance, I visited offices which gather, analyze and publish materials exposing conditions in Red China and Communist infiltrations locally. Both were pervaded by the odor of utter poverty: shabby quarters, broken-down furniture, skimpy and overworked staffs.

Despite their chronic crises—overdue rent and printing bills, unpaid salaries, etc.—they were doing creditable jobs of a kind no one else was doing. That they could multiply the impact of their work if they had the means was all too obvious. In one case, though I was not solicited, I was moved to make a small personal donation. The kind of gratitude it evoked, much to my embarrassment, seemed a measure of the acute need. "You have enabled us to reach thousands more who should know the facts," I was assured.

In New Delhi, an anti-Communist magazine on a high journalistic and intellectual level is being published largely through the devotion of one man. That he keeps going at all is a near-miracle. His job-printing shop helps pay for the magazine, but business is scant. Indians hesitate to compromise their "neutralist" status by giving work or ads to an intellectual under constant Communist attack. A few hundred subscriptions from America for distribution to libraries and universities, I couldn't help thinking, would go a long way toward easing the pressures.

Bombay, to cite another example in India, provides what is almost a laboratory exhibit of the problem. Two political weeklies are published there: *Current* is as openly pro-American and pro-West as its competitor, *Blitz*, is pro-Soviet and pro-Communist. *Blitz* does not even try to conceal its sources of support; some of its advertising tells the story. But *Current* has nothing to conceal, since it has no equivalent support. The very vigor of its anti-Communism appears to scare off Western and pro-Western advertisers fearful of publicly "taking sides." It is eager to extend circulation and influence but has a time of it just keeping alive.

In Hong Kong and Bangkok, in Saigon and Delhi, even in Taipei, men and women fighting the good fight are starved for Western books, pamphlets, articles dealing with aspects of the world conflict. They hear about important books in this subject area but cannot afford to order them.

For all I know some measure of assistance is available to some types of anti-Communist enterprises. I have no inside information on the covert activities (if any) of Western Cold-War agencies. I can only record my own impression that it doesn't percolate down to many valuable people in the front lines of the great struggle. Usually frowned on and sometimes (as in Indonesia) persecuted by their own governments, avoided by those who dread reprisals if and when "the Communists take over," these front-line allies are ignored or kept on short rations by their Western friends.

Maybe our government and the foundations have justified reasons for denying help to small local undertakings. Maybe projects requiring millions are easier to "sell" and administer than those that involve trifling sums. Yet these anti-Communist activities in decisive Cold-War theaters, taken together, are far from trifling. If only because they speak in indigenous voices, their potential effectiveness is bigger than that of voices from the outside.

The problem, it seems to me, is one that could best be met by private initiative. What about an American organization to provide help for small but significant local efforts? Even with a modest budget, $50 to $100 thousand a year, much could be done to strengthen the cause of freedom in Asia, Africa, Latin America and even some European countries.

At a time when Americans have been asked to provide millions for tribute to Castro, it may not be too much to hope they will contribute thousands for defense.

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Myth of "The People's Revolution"

THE spectacle of the United States materially the world's strongest power, allowing the enemy of all civilized humanity to establish an armed base 90 miles off our shores, and thousands of miles from that enemy's center of power, is so politically preposterous — in a historical sense, so incredible— that if it were related of a similar situation in the past, trained historians would flatly deny its occurrence. The texts, they would say, must have been corrupted, or the evidence presented was suspect or had been tampered with by later editors desirous of making a tendentious point.

Meyer

Yet it is happening right now; there can be no doubt about it: the bitter and determined enemy of the United States, of all the West, has with total impunity installed its agents a few minutes by jet plane from Florida. There they sit, and all we have done, even as gesture, to remove them is to send a few hundred unsupported men to die in atrociously unequal battle—and then to send Adlai Stevenson as the President's herald to the countries of Latin America to apologize for having even to this degree disturbed the equanimity of the bearded Cuban commissar.

THE entire situation remains incredible. One has to pinch oneself to accept what is happening as reality. Nor can it be explained simply by talking in general terms of the refusal to face reality and the facts of power that are so characteristic of the Liberal outlook which forms and guides our foreign policy. After all, if you set up a machine gun a few hundred feet from a Liberal's home and announce your undying affection and affinity for a powerful gang which has repeatedly made clear that its intention is to rub him out at the earliest possible moment, even the Liberal would ordinarily take some steps to eliminate you—unless, of course, you could prove that you were a certified juvenile delinquent, whose actions were a helpless response to "an unfortunate social environment" and whose subservience to a murderous gang was all that one could expect, given the failure of society to provide everyone with a guaranteed annual income, a college degree, and a happy married life.

IDEOLOGICAL images can always blind the Liberal to reality. As a sadistic criminal becomes a "juvenile delinquent," to be "understood" and sociologized when the magic words "underprivileged," "deprived of love" are uttered, so a thrust forward into our vitals by the international Communist power machine becomes a phase in the great world revolution of the "underprivileged peoples." True, many of the Liberals have had second thoughts about Castro and the Movement of July 26. They do begin to recognize that something has gone wrong with their rosy dreams of Caribbean George Washingtons and Thomas Jeffersons. But these are peripheral thoughts; they do not dispel in the slightest the fog screen set up by the magic slogan, "people's revolution."

The proof? In the eating. Imagine the reaction of the Liberal Establishment if Hitler had similarly seized a West Indian island in 1937. The tranquility of Liberalism in contemplation of the "national revolutionary" advanced prongs of the Soviet drive towards world domination, its pusillanimity when it is moved to something like action, stem from the same kind of ideological bewitchment that leads to treating heartless murderers and rapists as cases for the social worker and the psychiatrist. The Cuban revolutionists who would play their part—puny in detail but vital to the far-flung plan of Communist world conquest—in destroying the civilization of the West are not treated for what they are because they represent the great "revolution of rising expectations," the upsurge of "the people."

This myth, which is rendering the Liberals spineless not only against Castroism, Nasserism, Lumumbism and Sukarnoism, but equally against the openly declared Communism of Lenin, Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung, bids fair to become the winding sheet of Western civilization. The Liberals are its victims because they share in its profits. There was no "people's revolution" in Lenin's Russia or Hitler's Germany or Nehru's India, or in the multifarious springing toadstools the UN recognizes as "new nations." These regimes were created not by the people's desires, but by the inveterate urge for power of ideologically entranced intellectuals, treasonous to their culture, masking their ends behind the myth of the "people's aspirations." Likewise, the American Liberals themselves, heirs of Franklin Roosevelt and his transformation of American society, are the beneficiaries of the same kind of operation, much less violent, less extreme, but still a massively deleterious operation of ideologues touting themselves as representatives of "the people."

NO WONDER the Liberals are immobilized before the current mode of Communist advance, which is the development and exploitation of "national people's revolutions." Their own heritage of anti-Western ideology, projected as the democratic mandate of "the people," makes it impossible for them to recognize and act against the danger.

The Liberals cannot defend America in this its hour of crisis, for they accept as truth the immobilizing concepts behind which the enemy advances. To borrow a slogan from one of their own heroes, the order of the day, if America and the West are to live, must be *"Écrasez l'infame"*—"Wipe out the scandal." That scandal is first of all a Communist fortress in the Americas masquerading as a people's regime.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Cheerfulness Breaking In

Despite my lamentation and gnashing of teeth in this page, I do see, now and again, signs of improvement in American education at various levels. With Dr. Thomas Molnar—to whose new book, *The Future of Education,* I have written the preface—I feel that the prospects for formal schooling among us are dark. But here and there a glimmer of hope forces its way through the Stygian gloom of twentieth-century educationism.

Kirk

There are, for instance, "The Seminars at Martinsville." These are very serious and imaginative sessions, devoted to modern literature—for high-school students! They have been organized at Martinsville High School, Martinsville, Virginia, by Mr. Thomas H. Carter, who teaches in high school because he believes humane scholars and teachers are desperately needed in our secondary schools. Mr. Carter, the first editor of the literary quarterly *Shenandoah*, brought to Martinsville High School last year several important writers and critics: John W. Aldridge, Ashley Brown, Andrew Lytle, Carol Johnson, Brainard Cheney, Marshall W. Fishwick, Paxton Davis, and Ezra Pound (in absentia—but the students discussed him).

"One of my major concerns," Mr. Carter writes to me, "has been to instill 'the sentiment of scholarship': in other words, to make the students do more than tolerate humane learning, rather to make them relish its existence—even in those students who, as far as they personally are concerned, would prefer to embrace a king cobra rather than to engage themselves with the truly liberal arts. In other words, my hope has been to confound these budding pragmatists while they still are young enough to be converted. . . . All the students I've had have read an astonishing number of books; but not always the right books, and without sufficient awareness of language to read intelligently. For them the Seminars were intended, and the participation of other students had to be left to their instructors. The purpose was simple: to stimulate them into reading more books, better books, and to develop their critical sense (without encumbering them with the jargon of criticism). I had no idea whether the Seminars would work; I was astonished by how well they did work."

So far in 1961, these Seminars have benefited from the presence of John Ciardi, Katherine Anne Porter, Thomas Hanna, Joseph Bryant, James Dickey, and Louis Rubin. To rouse the minds and taste of high-school seniors by such literary people surely is one heartening sign that American secondary education has life in it yet; there need not be only one Martinsville. Such a program costs money, naturally, and so far Martinsville High School and Mr. Carter have shared the expense. It is devoutly to be hoped that some Virginian or national foundation, or private benefactor, may lend a hand here, so that the Martinsville Seminars will endure and attract imitation.

At another level and in another state, there is a healthy symptom of reviving vigor among university people: the publication of the *Burke Newsletter* by the University of Detroit. Formerly included within the covers of *Modern Age*, the *Newsletter* now is an independent quarterly bulletin, edited by Dr. Peter Stanlis, the author of *Edmund Burke and the Natural Law*. Anyone may subscribe for one dollar a year; address Dr. Stanlis at the Department of Engish, the University of Detroit, McNichols Road, Detroit, Michigan. The current number has an important and lively article by Professor Ross Hoffman about the influence of Burke upon Alexis de Tocqueville.

That there are enough Americans seriously interested in the ideas of the great conservative to make possible the publishing of a quarterly magazine is a sign of the altering climate of opinion in our century; more and more scholars and students, in this age when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, have turned to Burke for principle. As Harold Laski (!) wrote once, "Burke has endured as the permanent manual of political wisdom without which statesmen are as sailors on an uncharted sea."

My final item of joyful tidings also comes from Michigan: not a victory for sound learning, but a battle almost won, so that there is hope for success next year, or the year after. One of the most able members of the Michigan House of Representatives, Mr. Robert Waldron, of Grosse Pointe, introduced a bill to authorize local school boards to employ persons as teachers in basic disciplines who do not have teachers' certificates—provided they produce evidence of ability and scholarship, such as graduate degrees or special skills. If this had passed House and Senate, it would have broken the stranglehold of the Michigan Education Association, the Michigan Department of Public Instruction, and allied educationists upon the public schools. At present, in Michigan and most other states, any public-school teacher is required to have a certificate from the state authorities—granted only on the completion of wearisome and time-wasting years of Education courses, *à la* Dewey.

Well, the Democrat-dominated state Department of Public Instruction contrived to make a party issue of the proposal, and whipped all House Democrats into line against it; these were joined by a few Republican representatives, afraid of the MEA lobby. So the bill was defeated—but by only two votes! It might have passed in the Republican-dominated Senate. With some help from the real friends of education, including some Democrats, next year a similar measure may be adopted; and then there will be wailing in the educationist Zion. And the schools may begin to improve. Aye, say not the struggle naught availeth.

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Inside Eisenhower

RICHARD WHALEN

Back in December 1951, as Eisenhower-for-President enthusiasts got up steam for the New Hampshire primary, they encountered the delicate problem of having to furnish legal proof that their chosen redemptor of the Republican Party was, in fact, a Republican. So off to Dickinson County, Kansas, went a discreet inquiry. How did the man from Abilene stand? Promptly came the county clerk's reply: "I don't think he has any politics." Did Dwight Eisenhower ever really get any "politics"? The record of his failure to approach the goals he set is conclusive proof that he did not. He brought everything to the White House except the indispensable quality demanded by the modern Presidency—a shrewd understanding of the mechanics of partisanship, and of the leverage his great office could exert.

Ike's endearing and disabling innocence was preserved for six years largely through the efforts of a tart-tongued, imperious little New Englander, Assistant to the President Sherman Adams. His long-awaited memoirs, the product of three years' labor in his White Mountains refuge, are mousy, tedious and unenlightening—as tepid as the "Modern Republicanism" he still espouses. Moreover the man who was forced to leave the President's service, draped in vicuña and ignominy, remains steadfast in his loyalty; no damning insider's dirt *à la* Harold Ickes, passes his lips. And yet the man who tells almost nothing succeeds, in spite of himself, in telling a great deal about what it was like inside Eisenhower's White House.

First-Hand Report: The Story of the Eisenhower Administration, by Sherman Adams. Harper, $5.95

Because the President did not read much beyond a bedtime Western, and because he distrusted the New York and Washington newspapers (not entirely without reason, one must say), and because he disliked using the telephone, and because his evenings were mainly social, he was dependent upon his staff and a few Cabinet intimates for knowledge of what was afoot in the world, the nation and the government. His insularity was self-chosen, and Adams scrupulously respected the President's wishes. But only rarely were these wishes made explicit.

"When Eisenhower asked me to be the Assistant to the President," Adams writes, "he never specifically defined my responsibilities or outlined their limits. . . . Eisenhower simply expected me to manage a staff that would boil down, simplify and expedite the urgent business that had to be brought to his personal attention and to keep as much work of secondary importance as possible off his desk. Any power or authority that I exercised . . . was solely on a *de facto* basis and, except when I was acting on an explicit directive from the President, my duties and responsibilities were implied rather than stated."

Operating under such a charter, Sherman Adams became, in effect, a human filter of political irritants. While he denies using "presumptuous or arbitrary tactics" to keep party and government officials away from the President's door, he says, in almost the very same breath, that requests for appointments were arranged "unless we [Jerry Persons and Adams] knew of good reasons not to do so." Who, logically, would decide the reasons and their merit under the system of staff responsibility, but the staff and its chief?

So the biases of Sherman Adams are plainly pertinent to the story of the Eisenhower Administration. And they ran, as this book shows, heavily against the Republican Old Guard. Knowland is damned repeatedly and sharply. Taft is not so roughly handled, perhaps because the courteous gentleman from Ohio declined Ike's open-door invitation and cleared every dealing with the White House through Adams. Nixon is made to appear something of a fool; at one Cabinet meeting he is depicted winding up a toy drummer and sending it down the table to drive home his argument for more partisan drumbeating.

Is it any wonder that Eisenhower got some strange ideas? Consider this little episode: "One outspoken Cabinet Member asked Eisenhower one day what he saw in [Harold] Stassen. The President said that he believed Stassen was a broad-visioned Republican liberal with a large following of young progressives who would give the party a new vitality. The Cabinet member shook his head and said, 'You could put all of Stassen's followers into a small closet and you wouldn't have any trouble shutting the door'."

A true estimate of the man, but how could the leader of the Republican Party possibly believe otherwise? And, more important, what mistakes of political judgment and maneuver would not follow from such a misconception held by the man chiefly responsible for his party's fortunes? It would not be too much to say that Dwight Eisenhower crippled the Republican Party as an effective political instrument by forsaking its doctrine, when he understood it, and substituting his own personal ideology of loving-kindness, accommodation and hail-fellow compromise.

MEANWHILE, what of the world? Adams reports: "The news of Stalin's death caused no great excitement in

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the White House." What missed opportunities are buried in that banal sentence! The news of Hungary, we are told, was indeed "big and exciting," but "Eisenhower could do little but watch the Hungarians suffer and offer them sympathy, relief and asylum." Is that really *all* he could do? The reader is torn between suspecting that Adams' reticence conceals a momentous debate within the White House, and believing, more probably and tragically, that Adams has told the truth.

For this conclusion is compatible with Adams' opinion of the one man who saw the world and the Cold War quite differently, John Foster Dulles. Adams grants Dulles' "great moral force and conviction," but he alleges that the late Secretary of State "was not endowed with the creative genius that produces bold, new ideas to gain hitherto unattainable policy goals." And he goes on to describe "the hard and uncompromising line" against Communism as "more a Dulles line than an Eisenhower one." Poor, timid, uncreative, unoriginal Foster Dulles, forced to cast his feeble light in an assembly of giants and geniuses.

The revelations of this book are as uninteresting as the author. So Eisenhower ordered the U-2 flight that gave Khrushchev an excuse to wreck the Summit. So Eisenhower yielded to State Department suasion and slammed the door in Anthony Eden's face at the height of the Suez crisis. So Adams, in his dealings with crony Goldfine, was not "sufficiently aware" of the weight a federal bureaucrat would give a call or letter from the Assistant to the President. So what?

According to his small-bore Boswell, Eisenhower was "temperamentally ideal" for the Presidency. His duty, as he saw it, was "not to create friction, not to accentuate differences, but to bring people together." And so, in the summing-up, the undisputed "goodness" of Dwight Eisenhower again shines forth.

But goodness and innocence in dark and evil days are not sufficient. Sentiment without action leaves in its wake despair for all good men, who saw noble deeds left undone.

Fierce Prophet

SIR SHANE LESLIE

LADY Cynthia Asquith was not married to Leo Tolstoy, as the title of her book suggests, nor is she one of the surviving visitors to his unpronounceable home in the heart of Russia. Two survivors are Dr. Cockerell, once of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the present reviewer.

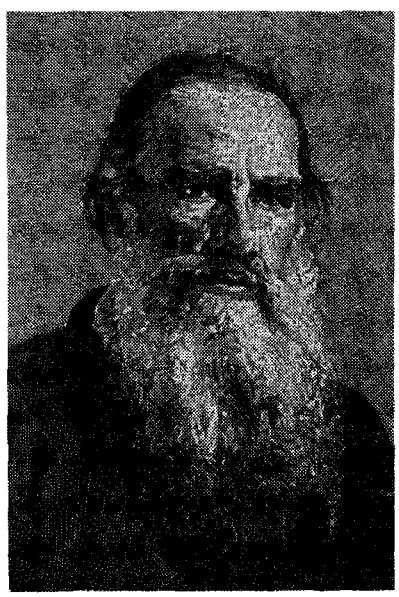
***Married to Tolstoy*, by Cynthia Asquith. Houghton, $5.00**

Lady Cynthia, rather, has collected the pick of memories possible about that strange, exhausting, fertile, crashing marriage, unbreakable till the bridegroom's senile and dying flight was accomplished amid the grief of Russia and sympathy of the world.

The best way to review this exciting book is to inscribe memories of an actual visit to the famous couple in the winter of 1907. By that time Tolstoy had abandoned being artist or novelist. Having written the longest and greatest of novels (*War and Peace*), he had taken to writing the longest and often dreariest series of sermons. I arrived in the full *floraison* of these, in which he cast war, civilization, marriage and art to the Devil. I thought he resembled St. Paul reborn, with of course the Holy Synod of Russia as the opposing Sanhedrin.

I reached Yasnaya Polyana drawn in a one-horse sledge, with introductions from Count Benckendorff, Czarist Ambassador in London. Doctor Dushan, the faithful and favorite disciple, met me at the door and invited me to join the Master at supper. I stood before him on the bare planks of what had been a dining room in a stately home. Ancestral Tolstoys in uniform hung on the walls, including a central military figure in *War and Peace*. Countess Tolstoy sat staring at me while the Master questioned my views on the existence of God, vegetarianism and women. I answered him satisfactorily, I hope, though the Countess interrupted to say I could be no vegetarian, by the look of me! We all conversed in French, which was my second language.

The ladies of the family and disciples wore peasant dress, so I tore off my white collar on entry. During my stay (I slept in the schoolroom amongst desks), I came to know the Countess first. Bigger and grimmer than the prophet she had married, no one else in the world could have endured and served that crumbled gnome with his fierce, divining eyes. She had surrendered to him in everything except the rights of her children and her memories as a lady. She talked to me wistfully of her carpeted home in Moscow. She had nobly accepted her famous destiny.



***LEO TOLSTOY*: ". . . *he held the conscience of Russia . . . and slowed down the Revolution. Hence he earned the hatred of Lenin . . .*"**

Lady Cynthia says her husband would not let her photograph him. Nevertheless she gave me a snapshot she had taken of him in the snows which he kindly signed with his name and mine—and which I still possess.

Lady Cynthia's book gives the impression of endless rows and mental chaos as different ideologies clashed into smithereens like so much domestic china. My memory of the home is of silences and peace, but there were few visitors in those last days. In the dark mornings I met the old man going out to his farm and in the afternoons I was allowed to join him and, like everybody, I kept one of

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those diaries which have so interested the world.

He spoke to me fiercely in favor of prohibition of liquor in Russia, of patriotism as "the sin condemned in the Gospels" and of the coming war. One day Europe would have to choose between the Tolstoyan Gospel and the bayonets. He took his stand literally on the slippery ground of the Sermon on the Mount. He had begged Alexander III to reprieve his father's murderers. He opposed Nihilists as murderers, and political economists as breakers of another commandment (whether against theft or covetousness). He said "Economic ideals are not ideals at all." He held the conscience of Russia and he certainly reduced assassination and slowed down the Revolution. Hence he earned the hatred of Lenin and the contempt of the Soviets. I attended the second Duma which offered the chance of compromise that Tolstoy hoped to bring about by private correspondence with the Czar. But he recognized that "a man standing on tiptoe cannot stand there long."

When I was leaving Tolstoy he gave me his last advice. I think he took me for his last disciple. It was advice to keep what religious belief I had. Too many of his admirers took nuclear voyages into the spaces of atheism. He advised me also to accompany my literary work with manual labor in the farm or the forest. And no physical force ever. It was while I was there that he received the homage of an unknown Indian—Gandhi — who later put Tolstoyan ideals into practice with some result. I conclude that he laid the seeds which did destroy Czarism in the next generation, but seeds which none the less in the centuries will destroy the Soviets.

These are memories rather than a review — memories of 1907 — but I gleaned them on the spot and there can be no one living who could or would contradict me.

Anti-Missile: Means to Victory

FORREST DAVIS

THE Washington scuttlebutt has it that General Douglas MacArthur instructed President Kennedy, when the latter visited him after the Bay of Pigs debacle, that there can be no peace until the power of world Communism is broken at its center: Moscow. Salvador de Madariaga remarked in *U.S. News & World Report* that there can be no peace as long as Russia is Communist, specifically that "peace depends upon the liberation of the Russian people from Communism" which denies "individual liberties" and intends to "control the world." Thus runs the counsel of the most illustrious soldier of our time and that ripe, cogent and lucid Spanish statesman-scholar. It is counsel that penetrates the shallow politics of the West, bringing into bold relief the crisis of nerves afflicting the statesmen and publicists of the English-speaking powers. It is counsel, likewise, that exposes the decadence of Liberalism which, once stormily demanding the military defeat of Nazism, now equivocates, stammers and shudders at the equally plain necessity of destroying a more comprehensive challenge to the organic, evolving and hopeful West.

America—Too Young To Die, by Major Alexander P. de Seversky. McGraw-Hill, $4.95

Major Alexander P. de Seversky plucks a similar but more urgent string in *America—Too Young To Die*. For to that indefatigable polemicist for the supremacy of air (now air/space) power, war is the essential prelude to peace. In short, "war is inevitable." "The rulers in the Kremlin," he writes, "currently hope that they can achieve their ends through infiltration, subversion and the economic collapse of America. If and when they are convinced that these tactics have failed; if and when they are convinced they can smash the United States of America, they will try to do it with any and all the instruments at their command, including atomic weapons."

The Seversky assumption that Soviet political warfare will fail to encompass this Republic may be too optimistic. The pace of our long retreat has quickened in the brief span of the Kennedy Administration. With Laos surely and Cuba presumptively lost, Berlin may be next surrendered with incalculably grave consequences. The tides of appeasement, of Linus Pauling-Bertrand Russell-Sane Nuclear Policy pacifism are rising among the elites of the English-speaking nations. At some stage we can reach the point of no return; a point at which—bereft of reliable allies, our morale broken and militari-

Books of Interest

The Making of the President 1960, by Theodore H. White (Atheneum, $6.95). The campaign made into an exhaustive narrative that fascinates in precisely the way that those books about the *Titanic* or the 24 hours preceding Pearl Harbor do.

Lizzie Borden, by Edward D. Radin (Simon & Schuster, $4.50). A detective-biographer at work on that most famous matricide, that most infamous parricide—or was it one?

The Walls of Heaven, by Robert McLaughlin (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). A superior adventure yarn, which also argues that only the smaller countries of the world are producing any passionate leadership these days.

Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839, by Frances Anne Kemble (Knopf, $5.75). Detailed interesting notes left by the English actress during her marriage to the owner of a cotton and rice empire on the Sea Islands of Georgia.

My Father, Lloyd George, by Earl Lloyd George, which was reviewed in *NR* (May 20, '61) by Sir Shane Leslie at the time of its English publication, has now been published in the United States by Crown ($4.00).

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ly second-rate—war could be a gallant but a senseless gesture.

Granted the Seversky premise, however, which implies a drastic reversal of United States policy, there can be, as MacArthur said of Korea, "no substitute for victory." Fortunately for the fervor and plausibility of his book, Seversky not only foresees war but identifies the means to

victory. To this identification, the World War I Russian ace brings persuasive credentials. An engineer, a distinguished aircraft designer and a thorough student of the tools of war, Seversky has for years devoted his energies to alerting his countrymen and an often unresponsive military establishment to the preponderating utility of the air/space arm. His best-selling books, *Victory Through Air Power* and *Air Power: Key to Survival,* have had popular impact although rankling "battleship admirals," generals convinced that the infantry is still "queen of battles," and the industrial interests profiting from the *status quo.* Through lectures, articles and personal exhortations in Washington, Seversky has unremittingly pressed his solutions. Prickly, dogmatic but personally companionable, Sasha has sought to arm his adopted country for victory and survival.

His present and novel prescription is simple: We *can* defend ourselves. The very science which makes delivery (of nuclear warheaded missiles) possible with uncanny accuracy provides us with the means of *stopping* oncoming planes and missiles.

For such offensive-defensive tactics, interdicting missiles before they leave the atmosphere or re-enter it, the means are at hand, he maintains, in the fields of electronics and electro-magnetism. Since the ballistic missile represents for the foreseeable future "the maximum efficiency in offensive power," the way to victory is through its nullification, as well as the rough competition in annihilative weapons. "The intellectual surprise of the new conflict [his "inevitable" war] will be the decisive role of its defensive phase through electromagnetic interception. . . ."

Since, further, American science in these respects is more sophisticated, advanced and extensive than that of the Russians, we can surpass them handily in interceptive instruments, producing a new balance of power advantageous to ourselves. The task laid upon Moscow of coming abreast, and the infinitely costly and tedious job of devising methods of circumventing our defenses, will further burden its economy.

Until Soviet technology could catch up, we could hit the enemy through the air, while he could not hit us. Hence, we would have regained our post-World War II deterrent capabilities; Khrushchev's economy would bear new strains; and time could again be on our side.

So does Seversky chart an encouraging future. His book includes many recommendations, a single chief of staff being one, but this is its prime doctrine. For this alone it deserves the close attention of the White House and Pentagon. If correct, the Seversky thesis should be adopted by an Administration whose only theoretical contribution so far has been to emphasize means of fighting limited wars on the ground.

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Booth Tarkington Reconsidered

The Last of the Innocents

ROBERT Y. DRAKE JR.

It is a commonplace, I suppose, to regard Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen* as "nostalgic" fiction, a sort of "summer idyl" which perhaps each of us has experienced at some time during his own adolescence, when time stood still and the whole world stopped and the only reality for us was the painful yearning and melancholy sweetness that accompany first love. Tarkington's irony based ultimately on the adult perception of the inexorable march of time is further enhanced by an irony of substantially "tragic" proportions—one which he may not have been aware of when he wrote the book. In the present age we look back at Willie Baxter's world and see there not only the last days of youth's own innocence but perhaps the end of American innocence as well. For *Seventeen* is poised almost exactly at the watershed which divides the Age of Progress from the Age of Crisis.

At the present time a *Seventeen* would be well-nigh impossible. There are few who even want to be heroes now; most of us are content just to be "secure" behind our picture windows. What seventeen-year-old boy today could, like Willie Baxter, while away his summer mooning over a "howling belle" like Lola Pratt? He would be working at a summer job "to make some money and keep out of mischief," as his parents would tell you, failing to add, perhaps, that they don't really want to have him underfoot all summer and just can't understand him anyway. And what young lady wants to be a belle today? It's much less trouble and makes you feel more "secure" to "go steady," especially when you may not feel "secure" in your own home, where you only occasionally see all your family together at the same time. Sex, which never once rears its exciting head—for all the talk about "love"—in *Seventeen,* is now an old, and in many cases tiresome story to adolescents. And yet, for all their "knowledge" and "anger," they perhaps subconsciously yearn for this innocence they have never known.

What, then, is the "innocence" of *Seventeen?* To readers of today it may well seem that it is based on an unquestioning adherence to fixed standards of conduct. But Tarkington's young people see no necessity for experimental excursions outside these tested conventions. For them, parents are still to be obeyed; courtships must be conducted with dignity, even if, in the case of *Seventeen,* such dignity is ridiculously

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exaggerated: little brothers and sisters must be scorned, though never really despised. And *decorum* must be preserved at all costs.

Today, Seventeen seems to regard decorum as inhibiting to the free expression of the personality; but it is not so in Tarkington's novel, where Seventeen's natural diffidence and confusion at the threshold of adulthood are given some measure of order and coherence by an exaggerated passion for decorum, often ludicrous in adult eyes. The most painful thorns in Willie's flesh are his ten-year-old sister, Jane, and the Negro yard-man, Genesis, and his disreputable dog, Clematis, all of whom seem studiously indifferent to what "the people of this town" think.

Jane, who likes nothing better than eating bread-and-butter covered with sugar and apple sauce in the front yard where all passersby can see her, regards Willie throughout with an almost clinical interest. But she is never motivated by spite, even when she tells her mother that Willie has been wearing his father's dress-suit when calling on Miss Pratt in the evenings. He is simply seventeen and "in love of" Miss Pratt; and that *explains* everything, though Jane can still not *understand* it. At the age of ten, Jane is quite properly concerned with "facts" and not with "myth," as is Seventeen. And as such, she has a common bond with the harried Mr. Parcher, whose daughter Miss Pratt has been visiting all summer and who has himself outlived the "myth" of Seventeen.

The most compassionate of those outside the "myth" is, of course, Mrs. Baxter, who has naturally outlived it but, unlike her husband, still understands it. Tarkington is never ironic in his presentation of either her speeches or actions: and she is the only character in the novel of which this is true. It is not without significance that Tarkington has endowed Willie's mother with his own compassionate vision. It must be remembered that Mrs. Baxter belongs to a world which regards woman, and particularly the mother, as both repository and perpetuator of the virtues — individual and social — and, therefore, as the real center of social stability. And as such she is perhaps the "moral center" of the novel; and the other characters appear ironic or even ridiculous in proportion as they deviate from this norm.

It is not, then, the present-day subversive forces of disorder and disobedience that destroy youth's innocence in *Seventeen*, but rather that arch-enemy of youth—Time, to whose "awful lecture" even Seventeen must listen, Time which brings with it the knowledge of good and evil, life and death. Time it is that begins to murmur oppressively as the golden summer draws to an end; and before it William's heretofore unreflecting vision of life, where all desires are fulfilled, begins to crumble. In an ironically "overblown" but still sinister manner Tarkington introduces the villain:

> Now the last rose had blown; the dandelion globes were long since on the wind; gladioli and golden-glow and salvia were here; the season moved toward asters and golden-rod. This haloed summer still idled on its way, yet all the while sped quickly; like some languid lady in an elevator.

Finally, the villain himself is personified in the monstrous train on which Miss Pratt is to depart.

> . . . the air filled with solid thunder and the pompous train shook the ground. Ah, woe's the word! This was the thing that meant to bear away the golden girl and honeysuckle of the world—meant to, and would, not abating one iron second!

Here, it may be difficult to say exactly what sustains Willie. When we last see him, he is sitting on the front steps of the Baxter house, communing with his sorrow in the now "useless" moonlight. And the villain—now offstage — makes one last triumphant gesture at William in "the sorrowfulest sound of all"—the whistle of a faraway train. But it is significant that Willie has taken his grief back home, and not, as probably he would today, somewhere else. And though his parents have gone out for the evening, he seems to find some comfort even in the presence of the terrible Jane. It is in these unchanging verities, perhaps, that he finds the form for his ritualistic rites of passage.

An "innocence" like that of Willie Baxter and his friends, whose only real enemy is Time, is, as I have observed, perhaps no longer possible. Young people now seem to be born knowing all the "facts" of life. But, on the other hand, they seem to find it increasingly difficult to fit them into any coherent form. Americans have been forced, in the twentieth century,

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to learn more of the facts of life; and the painfully acquired knowledge that life is not all feasting and fun has, in many ways, been therapeutic for us as a people. But unlike Willie Baxter, whose innocence was one largely of fact, we often seem innocent—if not downright contemptuous—of form. Perhaps, as Mark Twain once observed in a very different context, we have all the words but we don't have the tune. But Willie Baxter's "tragedy" does have a tune. And which of us, finally, amid the strident cacophonies of this Brave New World, can hear it unmoved?

Records

Callas or Tebaldi?

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

By the force and tempestuousness of her personality, Maria Callas has captured the imagination of the public. She is, to many, *the* great soprano. And there is no doubt that she is a singer in the grand manner, who has restored to the once-glamorous world of music some of the excitement it had before opera became a polite evening's entertainment. Framed by the proscenium, she is overpowering—and in another day her carriage would have been drawn through the streets by ecstatic crowds. But judging her merely as a voice and as an artist, does she deserve the unqualified superlatives which tumble out of the critics' typewriters? I think not. In these years of her triumph, her stature has not increased, nor has the depth of her interpretation. At the height of her powers, moreover, she still compared unfavorably to Renata Tebaldi and, in some ways, to Victoria de los Angeles—though it may be heresy to say so. Two newcomers, Leontyne Price and Joan Sutherland, though not yet fully tried, are beginning to draw the attention of the music buffs away from her.

These are conclusions arrived at after many hours of listening intensively to five collections of operatic arias—two by Callas, two by Tebaldi, and one by de los Angeles.[1] Because there is a certain amount of overlap, what each of these sopranos does with, let us say *Sì, mi chiamano Mimì* from Puccini's *La Bohème*, offers contrasts in style and capability. And the choice of the arias in each album, though frequently imposed by the recording directors, is also indicative of musical bent and repertory.

What of Callas? She has a voice of extraordinary, sometimes startling power and range—eminently suited to the more flamboyant aspects of Italian opera—supported by an almost pneumatic column of breath, and in its middle tones smoothly produced and rigorously controlled. Her upper tones tend to be abrasive, and as she runs through the gymnastics of the more exhibitionist arias, she sometimes sharps. What is most disappointing about her singing is its calliope quality. The human voice is greater than any instrument contrived by man, precisely because it does not externalize music. Despite her personal intensity, there is a kind of cold remoteness to Callas, present even in her most pyrotechnic outbursts. In the arias from Verdi's *Macbeth*, she is perfect, but as Mimì she inundates Puccini's lyricism and drowns the gentle, lost sense of the part. In all that munificence of sound there is passion but no soul—and this lack is most clearly felt in those passages above the staff which call for sweetness and attenuation.

And Victoria de los Angeles? She has a smaller voice with a more limited range. But what she misses in the magnificence and musculature of the vocal instrument in power and passion, she compensates for in artistry and technique. Though she is not a "golden" singer, though she never achieves the electronic precision of Callas at her best, the mastery can be heard as she traverses those treacherous notes which lie in wait between the chest register and the head register. Like the Lucrezia Bori that was, there is a certain reediness to her voice—a peculiarly Spanish timbre that is most affecting in the scenes from *La Bohème* and, from Verdi's *Otello*, the *Willow Song* and the *Ave Maria*. The emotion is distilled and comes out pure.

It is Renata Tebaldi who emerges unquestionably and incomparably as the greatest of the three. Rich and powerful, tender and delicate, warm and supple, her voice can move effortlessly from the most dramatic outcry, the most glittering display, to the barest whisper of the *mezza voce*, from the legato phrases of a cantilena to the bravura violence of Puccini's raging *Questo è il bacio di Tosca*. The pitch is always perfect and assured no matter how wide the tessitura of the aria she is singing. The test is in the listener who never doubts as she ascends the scale that the highest notes will be rounded and unstrained.

Tebaldi, too, sings the *Willow Song* and the *Ave Maria*—perhaps the two most beautiful arias in all of opera. Over the years, I have heard them sung many times and by many singers. Only Tiana Lemnitz, who never received the recognition she deserved, has excelled Tebaldi's Desdemona—but that was in another country and two decades past. Tebaldi is second only because her vibrato is a shade less light, her legato not quite so flawless. This exception taken, it can be said that her performance in these arias is far superior to that of any other soprano recording today. She can, moreover, sing Mozart without those Italian vocal mannerisms which mar his nimble classicism—and on these records her *Porgi amor* and *Dove sono* from *Le Nozze di Figaro* are both moving and right.

But what sets Tebaldi above Callas is not only the warmth and coloration of her voice or her keener sense of phrase, but her impeccable taste and musicianship. Even when she has to cope with a conductor who takes banal liberties in accent and dynamics, she is able to maintain her own poise. And in the *Tosca*, which has been the plaything of sopranos ever since Maria Jeritza sang *Vissi d'arte* lying on her stomach, Tebaldi insists on remaining faithful to the composer's intent. This seems simple, but only if you forget that music is experience, singing is expression, and only the fusing of the two can create great vocal art.

1. *Callas Portrays Puccini Heroines* (Angel 35195), *Callas Portrays Verdi Heroines* (Angel 35763), *An Operatic Recital by Renata Tebaldi* Volume Two (London 5174) and Volume Three (London 5202), and *Operatic Recital, Victoria de los Angeles* (Capitol G-7172). I also listened to *Tosca Highlights*, in which Tebaldi is joined by the fabulous George London (London 5564).

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY, by Romano Guardini (Regnery, $3.00) Limiting the meaning of "power" to the *reasoned* direction of force, Guardini laments the subversion of the individual's private energies in the anonymous, collectivist, total organization of modern society. The preliminary analysis is excellent. But midway in his meditations, Guardini begins nervously to disown the dark vision he has called up. In tired cliché, he argues that all ages seem periods of decline to those who live through them. Thus having modulated into the modern key, he predicts that the age of diffused and disguised responsibility will call up an entirely "new man," answering the challenge of impersonal system with the assertion of his own power. By some pseudo-Darwinian dynamics, man will suffer an historical transformation. But this age —which is supposed to be the cause of a new man's assertiveness—is itself only the expression of the new man's failure, the symptom of man grown submissive, rejecting responsibility, huddled in crowds and plastic to a totalist politics.

G. WILLS

THE JAZZ LIFE, by Nat Hentoff (Dial, $5). Jazz used to be music, but nowadays is Sociology. Or so one would conclude after reading Mr. Hentoff's version of the lives and times of "modern" jazzmen, which goes about like this: The older musicians (mostly Negro), like, say, Louis Armstrong, were actually *performers* who *enjoyed* playing (an obvious sin, right there), and also liked to make Money, thus contributing little or nothing to the destruction of Unfairness, Unacceptance and Jim Crow. *Uncle Toms,* the lot of 'em. Today's younger musicians (mostly Negro) nobly wrestle with bias and heroin, True Art and—but of course—Jim Crow, fighting the good fight for the Atonal Society. The author quotes with relish this description of the "new attitude of these young Negroes. . . : 'Either you listen to me on the basis of what I actually do or forget it.'" Don't tempt us beyond our means, Mr. Hentoff.

J. P. MC FADDEN

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To the Editor

Venus Unprobed

Whatever became of that Soviet Venus probe, that was supposed to pass close to that mysterious planet in May and radio all sorts of arcane information back to the Council of People's Ministers? When it was launched, early this year, the American press had near-hysterics over this latest Communist achievement; but it is now July, and the probe is obviously a failure, and yet not a line has appeared anywhere to mark this interplanetary Soviet fiasco. Can't the U.S. newspapers that hoisted the capsule aloft with eight-column headlines spare at least a paragraph or two to bid it a smirking goodbye?

Los Angeles, Cal. TIMOTHY P. LACKES

Pitney-Bowes Objects

I read the article "Pitney-Bowes Objects," by James Jackson Kilpatrick, in your July 1 issue. It makes amusing reading at the expense of totally distorting and misrepresenting the facts.

Just one in particular, the *New York Times* editorial of April 14 had nothing whatever to do with the start of the controversy about the John Birch slogan. Neither the Post Office nor we were aware of its existence until after the Post Office Department advised us of the many complaints it was receiving from the public over allowing the slogan to be printed in any connection with mail service.

It is an understandable fact, established in many countries over a long period, that the public considers it highly objectionable for the Post Office to use its public mail services as a means of spreading political or controversial propaganda by printing slogans of this nature on the public's mail as part of its official postmark. Consequently, post offices throughout the world confine this slogan practice to matters of broad public interest. Such use of postmark slogans is, however, constant and widespread.

Because of this, experience has shown that slogans privately printed by mailers using postage meters, *which are not directly related to the business or service of the mailer* are misunderstood by many people to have been printed, or at least endorsed, by the Post Office. Consequently, manufacturers of postage meters, like ourselves, must exercise much the same discretion in furnishing any editorial advertising plates, not related to the business of the mailer, as the Post Office exercises in the use of its postmark slogans. . . .

Stamford, Conn. W. H. WHEELER JR.
Chairman of the Board
Pitney-Bowes, Inc.

Twaddle vs *NR*

I am concerned about the views set forth in "Let the Intellectuals Take It from Here" [June 17]. Since, as you stated, your aspiration is to outlaw the Communist Party in America, you have every right to exercise all legitimate procedures in endeavoring to obtain your goal. Contrary to your apparent attitude, however, the government is unauthorized to suppress any type of ideas or ideologies unless, of course, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech. . ." is not explicit.

According to your editorial, you view the provisions of the First Amendment as being obsolete. Granted, the ideas are old, but they are by no means antiquated, and therefore should not be discredited. In opposition to your opinion that the framers did not anticipate modern-day threats in proscribing legislation that would hinder freedom of speech, I believe that the Founding Fathers were acutely aware of the risks of revolution involved in guaranteeing this freedom. On the other hand, they were also keenly conscious—more so than we are today—of the effects of government control over the minds of men. Weighing the relative consequences of both of these alternatives, the Founding Fathers chose to eliminate the likelihood of tyranny at all costs.

As a result of this safeguard against oppression, we must accept the risks involved in the freedom to express all ideas. . . . Only when our belief in the freedom of the individual is weakened will Communism acquire appeal to our citizens. Those who advocate the freedom of speech

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in absolute terms are not, as you indicate, making available to the Communists the instruments of this country's destruction; on the contrary, these people are protecting the freedoms upon which the security of America rests.

Wethersfield, Conn. SALLY TWADDLE

Revolution as a science was developed and perfected after the Founding Fathers were dead, and problems were thus posed for the permissive society which the Fathers no more anticipated than they had the problem of who owns Outer Space. The schizophrenic Supreme Court (the Smith Act is constitutional [Dennis], *only it isn't quite* [Yates]; *a congressional committee can expose* [Barenblatt], *only it can't, really* [Watkins]; *the loyalty investigations are legal* [Frazier], *only they are sort of illegal* [Cole])*—is always reflecting the rhetorical confusion. The failure of freedom in and of itself to contain Communism over a period of forty years attests to the practical verity: Communists have thrived where they are permitted to thrive.* —ED.

Mr. Lindley Explains

Your item concerning me ["For the Record," July 1] contains inaccuracies of fact and, in its implications, is far from the truth.

Except in the sense that the new owner of *Newsweek* made a satisfactory financial settlement with me I was not "eased off" the magazine.

I was not "recompensed for services to New Frontier" by appointment to my present post. I am not aware that I had performed any "services" to the New Frontier. The job I accepted is the least lucrative and probably the most arduous of many offers or proposals that were made to me when it became known that I was leaving *Newsweek.* The fact is that I had no financial need of any job. My original intention was to travel, write, and lecture as I pleased—although the incidental financial rewards in prospect in this connection were considerably larger than the salary I now receive.

I accepted my present appointment because (1) I believe that the country is in critical danger—a danger I have been writing about for more than 16 years; (2) old friends in the State Department urged me to come in and give them a hand; (3) I

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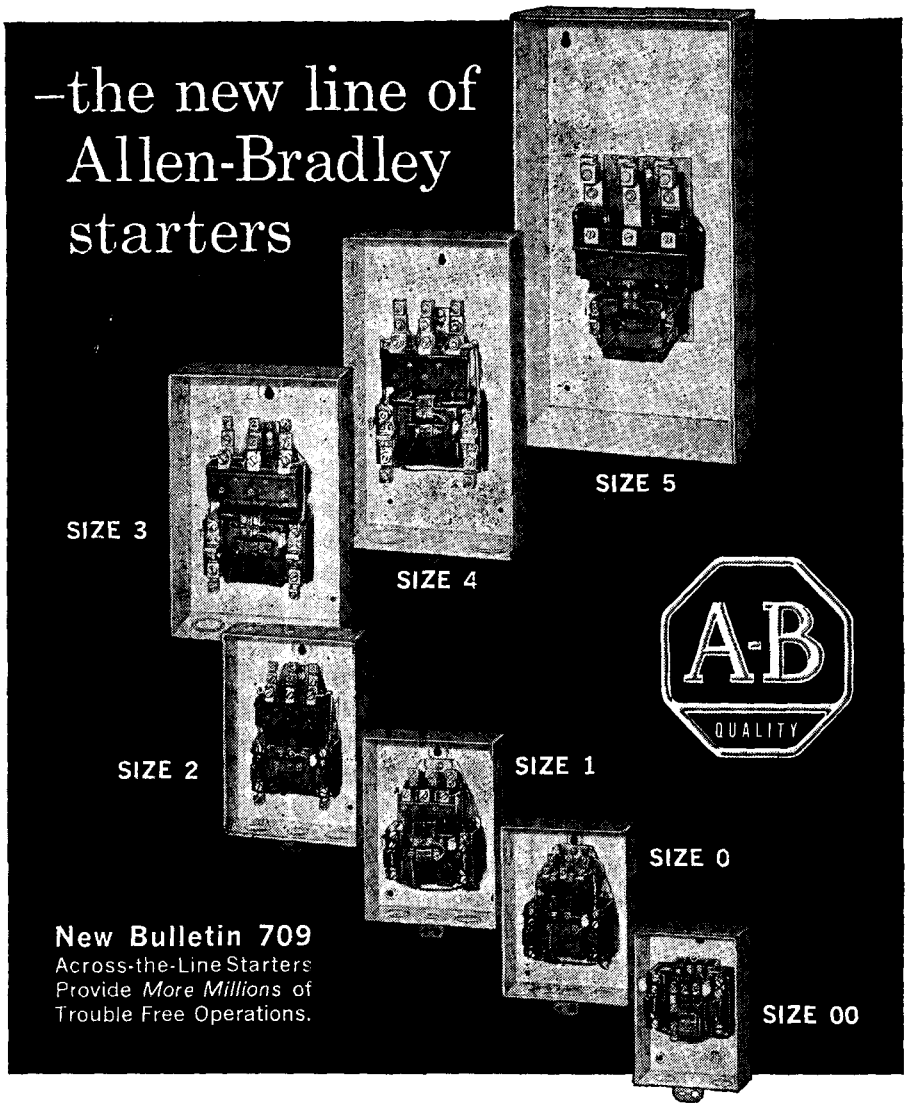

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thought I might be able to get in a few licks in this world struggle. I came with the expressed intention of leaving if I found I could not be effective.

I am not only a Special Assistant to the Secretary but a member of the Department's Policy Planning Council. The work load of this dual job is the heaviest I have experienced in a long time.

Washington, D. C. ERNEST K. LINDLEY

The Farm Problem

Your $500 plan ["How to Solve the Farm Problem," by Robert Haney Scott, May 20] would be another make-work plan for government employees. It would create a horde of smart small farmers, eager for the $500 handout.

The farmer's job is to produce food, fiber, and tobacco. If he does not make money, he quits and does something else. No one has to be a farmer.

Let the government govern and the farmers farm. Things will work out.

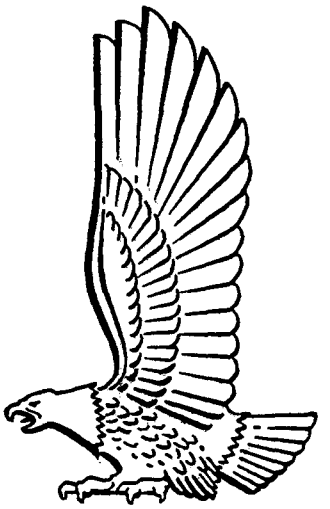
Summerville, S.C. RALPH SIMMONS

I have some comments on "How to Solve the Farm Problem":

1. It is suggested that farmers should receive $500 per year because the government brought this trouble onto them. . . . According to *Farm and Ranch* magazine, a beef feeder needs a gross income of $113,850 to net $7,156, while a corn grower needs a gross income of $13,725 to net $7,318. I wonder if $500 would mean the same to each.

2. It is suggested that we keep the surpluses and use them to combat instability of farm income. We pay $1,545,000 per *day* to store the surplus. Why continue? As an egg producer (small family farmer they call me) I have had experience with government combatting of "instability" of income. Normally: egg prices go down; production is reduced; egg prices go up. With government interference: egg prices go down; the government raises them just a little with the taxpayer's money; production is increased; egg prices go down. The mere idea that the government is supporting prices encourages more production. . . .

Representative Paul Findley of Illinois has a bill before Congress (H.R. 4944) which provides that producers can buy surplus grain from the government at an attractive price,



. . . Government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way.

—Henry David Thoreau in "Civil Disobedience"

The words of the Yankee political philosopher echo truer today than a century ago when they were written. Government produces nothing; government creates nothing. The engine of big government spending programs cannot be set in motion until it's fueled with what it has *first taken away* from each individual citizen.

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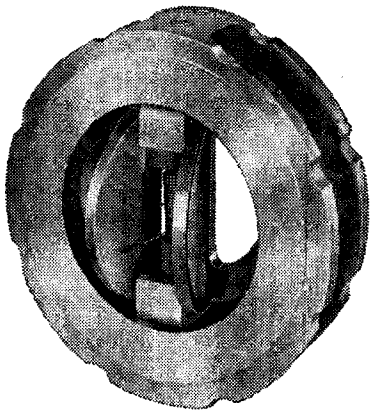

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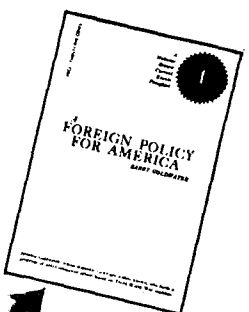

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provided they have idle acreage sufficient to produce a like amount of the commodity. This will eliminate the surplus, with a cash gain to the treasury, without materially affecting the volume of produce in market channels. By reducing or eliminating price supports at the same time, and covering all surplus commodities, we could get the government out of agriculture and solve the farm problem insofar as it can be solved. Those who cannot earn a living through farming under capitalism must then find another occupation. They will have warning, as this proposed program would take several years.

Delhi, Cal. OSCAR HILL

The Maryland Oath

So the Supreme Court overturns a Maryland law requiring officials to take oath to a belief in God. Jealous?

Islamorada, Fla. GEORGE J. RAWLINS

Anti-Communist Generals

Regarding your editorial "Let the Generals Beware" [July 1], the *New York Times* article you mention is one of the most unnerving newspaper articles I have ever read. In the light of the mounting Berlin crisis and the blatancy of the Cuban Red dictator, this article seems utterly fantastic. Believe it or not, these "right-wing" generals stand convicted, apparently, of "a militant anti-Communism." Too, it seems they oppose "any effort by this government to seek accommodations with the Soviet Union"!

May I ask why the overburdened American taxpayer pays through the nose for a huge defense system if we have no potential enemy? Who else but the Sino-Soviets can be listed as an enemy, and their little Red minion, minutes off our own shores? . . .

Holland, Ohio EVVA SKELTON TOMB

Flagging Mr. Bozell

I have been enjoying all your columns and all your editorials. But you let us build up our vices and then suddenly cut off the supply of dope we have been accustomed to. When is Mr. Bozell returning as a regular featured columnist? You have oared stoutly in his place, but—*when is Mr. Bozell coming back?*

Chicago, Ill. JOHN SHERIDAN

Señor Bozell, he ees een Spain, he no come back, quien sabe, for many months; lastima! —ED.

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The UNIVERSITY BOOKMAN

How Many College Teachers Are 'Moonlighters'?

The great majority of them hold two or more jobs concurrently, reports Prof. John A. Lukacs in the current Summer issue of *The University Bookman.*

Prof. Lukacs, himself a "moonlighter" who teaches in two Catholic colleges in Philadelphia, writes, ". . . the origins of moonlighting are to be found within the present ethos of Labor for Labor's Sake, within diffused but strong survivals of the Puritan temper, within the social structure that arises in welfare states, within the insecure materialism and within the purposeless fretfulness that is so characteristic of our time. . ."

"Here is a problem that must be solved with candor," he concludes. "Let the colleges demand sixteen hours a week from their instructors and professors. But in exchange they must abandon the promotion, and possibly even the toleration, of moonlighting. . . . Professors should be required to be full-time men in the good sense of that term."

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Raymond Moley, NEWSWEEK

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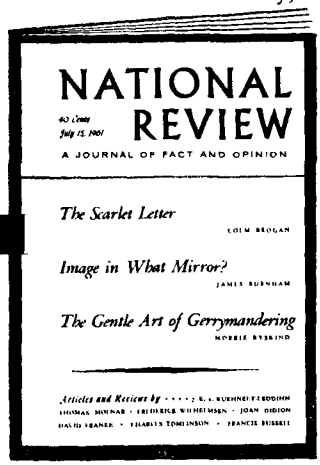

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What do Professors think of National Review?

Here is what one of the nation's best-known academic figures (and one who is *not* known for his conservatism) has to say:

"NATIONAL REVIEW *continues to interest, amuse, and anger me, and what more can I ask of a magazine? I don't get this reaction from any other journal these days.*"

Prof. Clinton Rossiter
Department of Government
Cornell University

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